SIR FRANCIS DARRELL.

VOL. I.

SIR FRANCIS DARRELL;

OR

THE VORTEX:

A Novel.

By R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

AUTHOR OF PERCIVAL, AUBREY, MORLAND, &c. &c.

E i rimorsi, e il pentire, e il pianger, nulla
Fia che mi vaglia? ALFIERI.

The gathering number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng;
Who, gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her power confess.
POPE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1820.

PREFACE



In again appearing before the public as a Novel-Writer, after an interval of many years, it will, I trust, be pardonable to say a few words on the object I have adopted on resuming my pen.

The first Novel I published was written in the early part of the French Revolution: in that my object was to vindicate Nature, and clear it from the absurd doctrines in which the fatal philosophy of that period had involved it. The reception which my attempt met with was highly gratifying to my feelings. The object of my present essay is not only to expose vice and folly, but to

counteract the impiety and blasphemy which disgrace the age. With my new story, I have dared to connect the subject of Religion. I hope that I have done it in such a manner, as not to give offence, even to those who may think a Novel no proper vehicle for subjects of so solemn a nature.

I beg leave further to say, that I have taken the opportunity of proving, that when, a few years since, I advocated the cause of men sincerely devoting themselves to Religion in the Roman Catholic Faith, I was guided solely by a spirit of toleration, or rather by a desire to ward off the blow which was aimed at them by an intolerant spirit. This Novel will show that I am not a Roman Catholic; but I should be very ill-understood by the reader, who should imagine that I had abandoned the sentiment of *complete* toleration to his Majesty's Catholic subjects.

I think it right to acknowledge that the first letter of the Novel was not written by me. It was written and given to me, some years ago, by a friend, for the purpose of inducing me to continue it. Conscious that I could not keep up the spirit which it broached, I owned my inability; and the letter lay, among other papers, in my desk, till last Christmas, when, on the request of my family, to write another Novel, I re-perused it, and conceived the idea of adapting it to the object I have stated. I hope I have made so good a use of it, that if it ever meets the eye of the writer, he will be induced to read to the end of the work, and to overlook its defects, in consideration of its tendency.

St. Adresse,
April 6. 1820.

SIR FRANCIS DARRELL;

OR

THE VORTEX.

LETTER I.

Sir Francis Darrell to the Hon. Lewis Vernon.

Bramblebear Hall.

So much for your present pursuits — I will now resume the subject of my last. How I wish you were upon the spot! Your taste for the ridiculous would be fully gratified, and, if you felt inclined for more serious amusement, there is no "lack of argument."

Within the last week our guests have been doubled in number. — Some of them

my old acquaintance—our host you already know—absurd as ever, but rather duller; and I should conceive very troublesome to such of his very good friends as find his house more agreeable than its owner. I confine myself to observation and do not find him at all in the way—Veramore and Rivers are of a different opinion. The former in particular imparts to me many pathetic complaints on the want of opportunities (nothing else being wanted to the success of the said Veramore) created by the fractious and but ill-concealed jealousy of poor Bramblebear, whose Penelope seems to have as many suitors as her name-sake, and, for aught I can see to the contrary, with as much prospect of carrying the point. In the meantime I look on and laugh; or rather I should laugh were you present to share in it—Sackcloth and sorrow are excellent wear for soliloquy, but for a laugh there should be two, and not many more—except at the first night of a modern tragedy.

You are very much mistaken in the design you impute to myself. I have

none, here or elsewhere. I agree with you that the world as well as yourself are of a different opinion — I shall never be at the trouble to undeceive it — my follies have seldom been of my own seeking — "Rebellion came in my way and I found it." This may appear as coxcomical a speech as Veramore could make — yet you partly know its truth. You talk to me too of "my character," and yet it is one which you and fifty others have been struggling for years to obtain for yourselves. I wish you had it; you would make so much *better*, that is, *worse* use of it, relieve me, and gratify an ambition which is unworthy of a man of sense.

It has always appeared to me extraordinary that you should value women so highly, and yet love them so little. The height of your gratification ceases with its accomplishment — you bow, and you sigh, and you worship and abandon. For my part, I regard them as a very beautiful but inferior animal: I think them as much out of their place at our tables as they would be in our senates. The whole present system with regard to that sex is a rem-

nant of the chivalrous barbarism of our ancestors. I look upon them as grown-up children: but like a foolish mamma I pet some *only* one. With a contempt for the race I am ever pleased with the individual in spite of myself. You know that, though not rude, I am inattentive,— any thing but a "beau garçon."—I would not hand a woman out of her carriage, but I would leap into a river after her.— However, I grant you that as they must walk oftener out of chariots than into the Thames, you gentlemen servitors, cortejos and cicisbei have a better chance of being agreeable and useful. *You* might probably do both, but as you can't swim and I can, I recommend you to invite me to your first water-party.

Bramblebear's Lady Penelope puzzles me—she is beautiful, but not one of my beauties. You know I admire a different complexion; but the figure is perfect. She is accomplished, if her mother and music-master may be believed; amiable, if a soft voice and a sweet smile could make her so; young, even by the register of her baptism; pious and chaste

and doating on her husband, according to Bramblebear's observation; equally loving *not* of her husband though rather less pious and *t'other thing*, according to Veramore's; and according to mine she detests the one, despises the other, and loves —— herself. That she dislikes Bramblebear is evident — poor soul! I can't blame her — she has found him out to be mighty weak and little-tempered. She has also discovered that she married too early to know what she liked, and that there are many likeable people who would have been less discordant and more creditable partners. Still she conducts herself well, and in point of good humour, to admiration. A good deal of religion — not enthusiasm, for that leads the contrary way, — a prying husband who never leaves her, and, as I think, a very temperate pulse, will keep her out of scrapes. I am glad of it; first, because though Bramblebear is bad, I don't think Veramore much better; and next, because Bramblebear is ridiculous enough already, and it would only be thrown away upon him, to make him more so:

thirdly, it would be a pity, because nobody would *pity* him; and fourthly, as Scrub says, he would then become a melancholy and sentimental harlequin, instead of a merry fretful pantaloon, and I like the pantomime better as it is now cast. More in my next —

Your's truly,

F. DARRELL.

LETTER II.

Mr. Vernon to Sir Francis Darrell.

DEAR DARRELL,

I MUST still think you blind to the real character of the sex, and to the purposes — if not of their creation at least — of their education. Their inferiority is not so obvious as you take upon you to decide. I do not say that they should be in our senates, but I say woe to that country where they do not grace the tables of its senators! What you deem them has been said of their lords by a great poet:

"Men are but children of a larger growth," &c.

and indeed I think upon as good grounds — I could give you examples enough both from books and from life to support my opinion, but you have only to cast your eye round you in the very mansion where you now are to acknowledge the justice of it.

You despise the *race* but are captivated by the *individual* — I am something of a *realist* here and am disposed to think that we do not contemplate the former without carrying along with us our experience of the latter; what we find in the individuals of our knowledge we attribute to the race, and judge accordingly.

I apprehend, Darrell, you have some reason for your mode of thinking — say, however, what you will, the sex generally possesses all the qualities that ennoble the mind, differing in a few with which Nature has peculiarly marked the masculine character, and which would not be consistent with that delicacy and softness that so amply compensate the boldness and intrepidity, both in action and in council, necessary to men. Benevolence, fortitude, magnanimity, they have in an equal degree, to say nothing of piety and *t' other thing*, which *entre nous* is their grand charm. Yes, I have said it, and will explain; but first let me say, add to those qualities personal grace and the radiance of female beauty, and tell me if the faint remnant of chivalry ought to be withdrawn?

If chivalry sprang from barbarism, it was the electric spark struck from flint, it kindled a flame which re-animated expiring nobility, and, lowered as it has been, still keeps it alive. See what a knight I prove! I think I hear you first laugh, and then looking for my name at the end of this letter, exclaim, "Is this Vernon?" Now then for my explanation to convince you that it is he — he himself.

Though I think all this due to the character of the *race*, and do verily believe that, compared with our sex, the balance of all that is good and amiable is greatly in their favour, I find myself thrown by chance, fate, fortune, call it what you will, into a kind of vortex, among a considerable number of the individuals, hardly numerous enough to be ranged under the head of a distinct species, and particularly as they are frequently distinguishable from the *race*, only by accidents and consequences. All that belongs to the race these individuals loudly claim, but they

tacitly pursue dissimilar objects, and in those pursuits are perpetually endangering, not their rights, but their places, which they continue to fill, right or not, while they are considered by the majority of the vortex as preserving a justifiable appearance. To be completed to the taste of appetence, to sing with the pathos of a Sappho, to dance with the twirls of a Presle, to dress with alluring art, to speak in riddles and to look their solution, is the glory of these gay and lovely creatures, and all that they require of one another is the *Spartan virtue*. In such a vortex there is no living without gallantry, and he that has no reputation for it, must play the part of a noddy.

I think my mystery is sufficiently elucidated, and that you have no more difficulty in recognizing the features of your noble fellow-labourer (for I will not let you off with your sly pretence of indifference) in the acquisition of a character, which I shall frankly allow you to have obtained more rapidly, and—you may add if you like—more deservedly than your humble servant.

. You write with the security of success, and I suspect that it renders your nonchalance somewhat necessary — you are at Bramblebear Hall, and the jealous-pated master of it knew you before he committed matrimony with the beautiful Lady Betty, or, if you will, Penelope, who, you know, "*is* beautiful, but not one of *your* beauties," whose "figure is perfect," whose "voice is soft," whose "smile is sweet," who, "according to your observation, detests her husband, despises her wooer, loves — herself,' and is consequently ready to speak softly, and smile sweetly on the skilful worshipper of her idol. Now, with Bramblebear's titles and additions, as they are accurately enumerated by your observant quill, indifference is a master-stroke. Enforce it, and *I* shall not be surprised to hear of *his* taking pains to lead you himself to the shrine, by way of impeding the avenue to all others. Enforce it, I say, to him, and whomever else you please—but you have no occasion to shut my eyes—and your attempt instead of acting as a blind

possesses the property of a microscope in dilating to the sight points obscurely imagined from previous study.

Frank Darrell confines himself to observation! By the bye, nothing could be better imagined altogether in reply to my hints respecting *your character*, than the adopting of this new ingredient; for, as I observed to you, the character of a man of gallantry should not arise from grounds too defined and glaring, but should rest on an airy something, overshadowed with the rainbow mist of honour, conscience, self-respect, delicacy, esteem, hospitality and friendship. No man can discriminate and mingle these colours better than you. I am something jealous of your skill, having, as you truly say, for some years emulated your character, from a conviction that a man of the world, that is, of my vortex, must be a man of gallantry, to avoid the damning reputation of a noddy, merely considered as holding out to unmarried damsels that mortifying charm, a convenient match—*exempli gratia*, the host of Bramblebear Hall.

Accomplished as I think you, the character you give of Lady Betty as to religion, persuades me that the openly abjuring of it is an error in you — Can't you manage to make it an eighth colour in the rainbow? My most formidable rival for the smiles of the lovely creature whom I mentioned to you in my last is no other than young Rufus Palmer who has a good deal of evangelical talk, and, what is still more alarming, of evangelical ogling. Unfortunately his family are neighbours of the Godfreys, in Hampshire, where they have a beautiful retreat on a small scale, which Godfrey's father purchased for the conveniency of being near the metropolis, having for the greater part of his life served in Parliament for the County in which his principal estates lie. They generally, however, spend the Autumn and Christmas at Manor House, their seat in Herefordshire. I was in hopes they would have gone down there on the prorogation of Parliament, for besides the riddance of Evangelical Palmer, Godfrey has infinitely more to engage his attention,

consequently he has less leisure to think of me, or of *his* Penelope, and she has more leisure to weave *her* web; but the expectation of the return of some relatives of his, from God knows where, has decided their stay at Woodlee for the present, though he talks of a probable short excursion either *solus*, or tête-a-tête with *La Belle*.

Godfrey upon the whole is a good fellow, is sensible, and had a regular education, of which he has undoubtedly made great advantage — he does not take the least pains to show that he is a scholar, but every scholar sees it; in his manners he is at ease himself and sets everybody about him at ease. Though not prominent as a speaker, his opinion is courted by the most distinguished orators of both Houses, and, being from principle independent of party, he is consulted by those of both sides. But in spite of this, his father having lived till his *a b c* habits were irretrievably confirmed, he entered the vortex of life a perfect animal-machine, and like a dragoon's charger which, backed by his

rider or left to himself, instinctively gallops to his allotted spot, he obeys the word of command given by a certain imaginary officer whom old Godfrey had taught him the magic of summoning up to himself from himself. Consequently he was put down among the noddies, and certain young damsels were directed by their mammas to set their caps at him, as he was an excellent match. But he is a very different kind of noddy from yours—he is not like Bramblebear, dull, ridiculous, jealous, or prying—yet he leaves few opportunities for the exertions of gallantry. His attentions to his wife are neither nauseous on the one hand, nor constrained on the other—his affection, as I said of his learning, is rather seen than shown; he avoids a display of it, but it is detected in a thousand ways.

Your science *dans l'art militaire* will immediately make you perceive the difference between the fortifications that defend the heart of my enchantress, and those that oppose the progress of Veramore, Rivers, and a certain baronet

who shall be nameless, notwithstanding the hornwork advanced by engineer Bramblebear to protect the weaker parts. After this, a noddy would think it time wasted to prolong the siege, if he could think at all upon such a subject — but you know better and that with means and time the reduction of every citadel may be calculated, and unless *la Belle's* heart be a rock, like Gibraltar, go it must at last. And that it is not made of impenetrable stuff certain diagnostics about her eyes and her lips are calculated to remove despair from the mind of a much less determined warrior than Lewy Vernon. Then, I know it was not a love-match: her actions of course are the re-ults of duty, and duty we know is a d of reason, of the head, a rough f urchin that has little to do with heart — It has an arch half-brother, ycleped Imagination, which like an airy sylph is perpetually leaping or flying from one to the other, and will not leave the heart unoccupied. With all her propriety of behaviour, I think her's is still her own — She esteems her husband —

that perhaps she cannot help doing — but she does no more. — My uncle brought about the marriage — he has long known the families on both sides, and indeed we are all Godfrey's voters; now marriages that are brought about are precisely the things for our vortex. Though I say her heart is her own, I do not mean to liken it to Lady Betty's, who is in love with herself. I wish she was — no, I rather suspect that she is not upon good terms with herself, and there I see the greatest difficulty I have to encounter. If self-respect be necessary to her, she is labouring to establish it in her heart. Many little incidents induce me to believe this, and if she succeeds at the expence of th vain opinion which leads women at estimate themselves by their powunt-captivating, I shall then begin to suspect that she is the impregnable rock.

I shall now bring my letter to a conclusion. I meant to say something more as to *race* and *individual*, *realists*, and *nominalists*. This however will keep, but I cannot keep back my indignation

at your degradation of my powers for aquatic gallantry. Where did you learn that I could not swim? The WYE, to be sure, is not quite so wide as the Hellespont, but were the reward of my crossing the deepest and broadest part of it to be my *Hero* I would contend with you, and even with the modern Leander for the prize, the foremost on the bank — nay were it to be from Sestos to Abydos.

Good night!

Your's truly,

L. VERNON.

LETTER III.

Sir Francis Darrell to Mr. Vernon.

YES, if I cast my eye round me here, and here only, I should not wait the twinkling of it to acknowledge the justice of your opinion. Of the men and women assembled at this time under the roof of Bramblebear Hall, the latter far outstrip the former in manhood; most of them have understandings more masculine; some, pursuits more manly; others, hearts more undismayable; and one, muscles more pugilistic—*Quæ maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas, ut* ANNA, PHILOTIS, that is, the learned Lady Standish, the huntress your Cousin Lady Barbara Lewis, the widow Sabretash who is known to have followed her husband, a Captain of Hussars, into an action in which he died on the field, whence she brought his body, and has never since been afraid of any man; and Miss Belcher who with a

softness of face that might be painted for a Hebe possesses dimensions of limb, solidity of bone, muscular energy, and pre-eminence of stature that more betoken a Thalestris.

When I compare these masculines with Veramore, L'rd Standish, Rivers, and my host himself, to be sure there is no doubting where childishness is the more applicable. But this gives your logic no triumph, for if I were to grant, which I readily do, that all the men of your vortex (I thank you for the idea) were mere babes, that would never prove that all the ladies of the said vortex were not so too. However, I have not time to discuss the point — if ever I see cause to think differently, you shall hear of my conversion, meanwhile I beg leave to retain some Mussulman notions, which I have respecting this

"Fairest of creation! last and best
Of all God's works! Creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable or sweet!"

In which apposite quotation you have the authority of a great poet — but remember that poets love to deal in that

fine figure, hyperbole, and that this very poet tacks four monosyllables to the above lines that pretty well deface his own painting.

It is but fair to tell you that our circle is not entirely made up of masculine ladies and feminine gentlemen. There are a couple of fine girls here feminine enough both in person and mind, to remind me that the world is not changed — their name is Craven, they are sisters and at the head of the fashionable belles of Peterborough, having learned of Krutzer to play on the piano, to sing of Naldi, and to dance of Duport. Nor is Lady Standish of Amazon structure or habits, it was to her learning I alluded, for as to her person she is sufficiently delicate, and "many a luring glance her large dark eye sends on its idle search for sympathy"—idle, at least, to a bosom now the abode of apathy, like mine: nor, were it otherwise, am I apt to be taken at first sight; we have not met before, and she and her Lord are only visitors for a day or two *en passant*. Besides, if, as you persist in thinking, I could

not restrain myself to observation, she would certainly make no impression in the same atmosphere with those "loving eyes of tender blue" which have been so shockingly mismatched with those round unmeaning orbs that have been fixed for the sole purpose of vision in the head of Bramblebear.

Lady Betty stands unrivalled by any of her guests. — Her countenance is full of expression, but of guarded expression, and what beams through the long lashes of her eye in spite of herself is corrected and set to rights by the demure yet graceful smile of her lip which, with the aid of a frigid sentiment and occasional glances at the nearest mirror, betrays the real object of her tenderness. Notwithstanding all this, she is *not my beauty*, for in spite of your compliment to the *race*, what you venture to call *entre nous* THEIR GRAND CHARM appears to me, at least in married dames, unfriendly to love, which is the zest of beauty. Beauty, abstractedly, possesses that universal charm which addresses itself to taste, and I can admire it in women as in other things,

as in the symmetry of a colonnade, in the grace of a *Pas de Ballet*, in the colours of the rainbow: but woman's beauty has more to do with the heart, and much less than is usually supposed with taste; so comes it that, while we generally agree in opinion as to other beautiful objects, we differ widely respecting particular women; and every favoured lover thinks his own mistress a Helen. This is certainly a principle in nature, and a happy one. Absolute ugliness out of the question, and even scarcely that, this principle is the sovereign agent of female beauty, the magic that radiates a homely countenance and moulds a common form to accurate proportions. This countenance and this form constitute the lover's beauty.—If he obtains the possession of them he is blessed, if insurmountable difficulties intervene he is wretched—I can conceive madness to result from his state. I could never conceive a man to go mad for any woman who was regardless of him, at least I am sure I could not.

It is upon this principle that Lady

Betty is not *my* beauty. She is gracious and agreeable, but I perceive no preference of me. She coquettes a little with Veramore when Bramblebear is out of the room, evidently to amuse herself at his expense, and as she takes much care to hide her dislike of her husband, each of them conceives himself the object of her affection, the one with the ridiculous impatience of a coxcomb, the other with the innate jealousy of conscious demerit, the most degrading, if not the most tormenting, cause of that absurd, preposterous passion.

Your hint as to a skilful adoration of Lady Betty's idol is perhaps not ill-founded, nor am I grown so modest as to decline a competition with any rivals, much less such as Veramore and Rivers, with the *et cætera* who compose her train: but the fact is

> I 'gin to be a-weary of the Sun,
> And wish the estate of the World were now undone.

I am really what I represent myself to you — "I have supped full with horrors," and now, "I pull in resolution, and be-

gin to doubt the equivocation of the promise in which I have found remorse linked with pleasure. I hate the world, Vernon — You are almost the only man in it in whom I have continued to confide — men are treacherous, selfish beings, and women are baubles — most of the former shun me and I shun the latter, that is, in society — and even alone I am tired of them.

Whether I am led to it by this apathy, arising from disappointment on the one hand and satiety on the other, or by some latent unperceived and unacknowledged seeds of virtue in my mind, I know not; but I have entered into a resolution neither to dupe nor be duped. As to Lady Betty, if she be indeed innocent in spite of the folly that united her to such a mate, innocent she shall remain for me. There is *no* judging in a crowd, and I am not likely to have an opportunity, any more than Veramore, to come to a sure judgment during my present visit, which an unexpected circumstance will oblige me to curtail, and that notwithstanding the accom-

plishment of your vaticination, for behold me, as your sagacity predicted, the chosen guard of Bramblebear's treasure — but the fulfilment of the prophecy and the circumstances leading to it deserve a laugh, and I am not in the mood to raise one. — You shall have it hereafter, if in the meantime my character does not class me with Heraclitus; for, to tell you the truth, I am tired even of laughing at fools, when you are not by to excite me.

I am highly pleased with your account of your *Vortex*, and do adopt both the word and the idea. In such a state gallantry may be a predominant recommendation, and little harm can arise from it during the rapid transit of existence. I believe your Vortex to be of considerable extent, and I see a large and elegant population in your centrifugal circles, as they whirl in spiral systems towards the centre of attraction, (against which the counteracting force is too feeble to maintain them) towards the absorbing gulph of irresistible gyration, — towards a gently-protracted but sure perdition. — It may be pleasant enough when you

first enter it at the broad extremity and till the power of the current begins to be felt, but he must have a bold heart or a brainless head, who after that can pique himself on female folly. You are yet but at the edge of the Vortex, and, like a playful boy in a rapid rivulet which he knows he can stem when he pleases, you delight in being carried along without effort or resistance. — Will you listen to me, if I say, play not too long? or will *you* turn to the end of *my* letter to see if the name of Darrell be there? Vernon! your Vortex is no imaginary thing; it is the actual state of a certain portion of civilized countries; a false education and habitual prejudices are the origin of it — the characters that form it are prepared for their parts as actors for the personages of a drama. It is a showy exhibition the rest of the world are looking on — it is a play acted in a play, for the world itself is but a larger stage. The glare and the glitter and the *enjoument* of the comedy in your Vortex dazzle the weak (don't take this to yourself) and tempt them to go and mingle

in the scenes, but the wise go away laughing. What will you say when I assure you that my life has hitherto been passed clear of the Vortex! Will you believe, that the character you emulate in me has been acquired without the shadow of right to it in the annals of fashion? I am a novice in gallantry, and, paradoxical as it may seem, my renown has grown out of my ignorance of the science.

If you had known me earlier, I need not have protested much to obtain credit, though I might not have gained by this. You have yet, I see, to learn much of my history. I have indeed played some striking part on the larger stage, where comedies are seldom performed, but where alternate tragedy and farce are acted in rapid succession. My heart never led me to seduction, but it has at times led me to love. I have more than once without premeditation acted a part in a tragedy, and once produced a catastrophe so deep — but I will not blot this letter with it — Turn to my talents in farce.

I was still at Eton, when the antiquated mania possessed you of serving some campaigns, the laurels of which I remember you then thought necessary to complete your character, as you now do the myrtles of a softer warfare. Before I was eighteen, (for I remember not the time when I was not my own master, my schoolmaster excepted,) being allowed by the neglect and indifference of Trustees and *Procheins Amis*, to take possession of Belmont on my mother's death, and about the time I was entered at the university, I stocked the cellars of the Lodge with the best wines of France, Spain, and Portugal, and I opened house to some youths of choice spirit whom I *once* accounted friends. I occasionally tenanted the vacant rooms devoted by my ancestors to their visitors with a set of those light fantastic animals who in outward form and artificial smiles resemble Milton's "last and best of all God's works," but who are distinguishable from them by their utter disdain of all pretension to their *grand charm*.

I had heard of the mockery with which

some of the wits of the last century amused themselves in personifying the agents of religious ceremonies: though differing little with them on that subject, and equally armed with all their arguments against religion, I saw no amusement in their unmeaning masquerade, and no point in its ridicule; but in the religion of *Jupiter*, with which my fondness for the classics had made me perfectly acquainted, I found a source of gratification which I unlocked in my Belmont revels, and I established Meonidean and Ovidian masquerades.

In those days I considered the table as affording a repast not only to the palate, but to the taste of our intellectual formation, and I accordingly looked for discussion and wit and humour, and in fact the lads I usually selected did justice to their purveyor — they were young men of the most prominent talents. Had their hearts possessed but a tythe of the soundness and brilliancy of their understandings, I should most likely have retained some respect for my species — but in our intellectual tilts and tourna-

ments the heart had as little to do as in our sensual orgies, and we argued down priestcraft, and bandied about conceits, quirks, and jests, while champagne and burgundy were agreeable; for we none of us ever found pleasure in the complete sacrifice of our senses to the rosy God. But the revelry of Belmont was the wonder of the gay, and the scandal of the serious: Modesty cried, fy upon it, and garrulity made its usual additions, till, delivered over to calumny, my tragedies and farces were worked up into such combustible and inflammatory tales as obtained me the title of Milton's hero in the country, and that of a man of gallantry in town, — or rather in your Vortex.

Yow now see how little I am entitled to the character young men are too apt to think essential to making a figure in life; that I am but swimming at the edge of the current, into which I believe, as I tell you, that I am not likely to plunge. Now, this is no virtue in me, nor any pretension to virtue; it is downright apathy, proceeding partly from

satiety, yet still more from the disgust I feel with the world, both men and women. But there is, I will own, something resembling virtue in an odd kind of a feeling that I have which impels me to advise you, — not to give over amusing yourself at the extremity of your Vortex, though by-the-bye this I do also, but — to take care how you force any one along with you into it. You will find an amazing difference in the results. Take care, Vernon, take care lest while you think yourself engaged in a Comedy you stumble upon a melancholy denouement. You do not seem to me to have been struck with the character you have given of Godfrey. If he deserves it you will deserve hanging if you make him unhappy. A more truly noble member of society, or possessing more distinguishing marks of a gentleman and a scholar cannot be. A few such men would redeem my opinion of our species, and make me curse my stars that I stood not on a better footing with them. You must not attempt to injure him, my dear Vernon; my heart is grown callous at five and

twenty, and hardly knows what affection is except from what is left in it for you, and that makes me anxious to divert you from a precipice. I know you will say, when once your surprise at this language is abated, that

> He will not find the kisses on her lips:
> He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
> Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.—

that another will if you don't, and that I am striking at the very root of your ambition, — all which I allow to be very proper answers and indubitable maxims, — within your vortex. My advice is not aimed at them at all — my advice is, to ascertain, before you proceed, the real state of Mrs. Godfrey's mind. Is it in the state you assume? It may be for aught I know, and if it is, all I can say is that she is unworthy of such a husband. — 'Faith, it's very likely, for a woman she is, and it is the high idea you have unpremeditatedly given me of Godfrey that has led me into this unusual style, not any imagination that she may be an exception to the general na-

ture of her sex, though that exceptions, a small number, do exist, I believe. For his sake it is then that I say, be certain. The *diagnostics* which you tell me *you perceive about her eyes and lips* are overbalanced by what you say of *her anxiety to ensure her own respect;* as is the weight you give to *brought-about* marriages by *the esteem she cannot refuse*, accompanied by *an affection* from him, which while good sense and good manners prevent *a display of it, is detected in a thousand ways.* She must be worse than women in general if you judge rightly in thinking her heart unoccupied. If it was indeed *unoccupied* when they married, if at that time it had never been touched by another, she must be a monster if it is not now *his.* I own the interest Godfrey's character inspires me with inclines me to wish his wife may be worthy of him, and to ascribe that propriety of behaviour through which she is seen by you, and perhaps by the world, as acting from a sense of duty, to the same delicacy of manners in a still greater degree than his which casts the

veil of refinement over a passion heard of with pleasure but seldom seen without disgust. We are not admitted to the secrets of the sanctuary: there and there only ought it to be displayed. Real and favoured love, in our days, unlike the Thespian deity, has no "hypæthric fane." It must be seen but by one, it must be taken for granted by all others. So, unless you have unequivocal proof that Mrs. Godfrey's heart is not her husband's, I think you may take it for granted that it is, and be assured, Vernon, that that proof would not be long wanting if it were otherwise.—

Indeed, indeed, my dear Vernon, you are over-shooting the mark.—Your prismatic professions (I like the simile) may serve in certain cases to throw an airy brilliant mist before the eyes of a deluded husband, but they will not blind such a man as Godfrey, in whose case the very mention of them becomes sacrilegious. The ties of honour, conscience, self-respect, delicacy, esteem, hospitality, and friendship are substantial tributes, really due to him; not the *ignes fatui*

in the regions of gallantry raised to mislead the jealousy of fools formed and fated to be laughed at.

A thought occurs to me that may help you in discriminating the character of the lady — get her real opinion of mine. I am no stranger to her beauty though I have never thought of making her acquaintance, for two reasons; first, because I am too tired with the thing to take the trouble; and secondly, which you will say is enough of itself without the other, because it is not likely that I should obtain the *entrée* at Godfrey's. Take an opportunity of hinting such a wish to her, and you may set down her answer as a criterion of her propensities. But tell me fairly what it is, that I may also form an opinion, and whatever that opinion be, I will give it you most candidly.

I beg to decline the example of Mr. Rufus Palmer — I hate red-headed preachers — it is a most nauseous incongruity — besides, though I find no soul-saving qualities in the Scriptures, I am sure they have a damning quality when

used as a cloak. Perhaps you will tell me the remark is ill-timed after such a sermon against adultery, but

> My hair is black, my eyes are blue,
> Fellow sinner, adieu! adieu!

Yours,

F. DARRELL.

P. S. Write *soon*, as I shall not be here *long*. — On the score of *swimming*, I confounded you with your namesake who was drowned in the Severn. Accept my Palinode in the words of Naso. —

> Es Deus aquæ: nec majus in æquora Proteus
> Jus habet, et Triton, Athamantiadesque Palæmon.

LETTER IV.

Mr. Vernon to Sir Francis Darrell.

A SERMON with a vengeance! And from you too! How is this? Why, Darrell, I thought I knew you thoroughly — I give you full credit, my friend, for all the essentials of honour and morals, but certes you are the last man in the world whom I should expect to find soberly and pathetically advocating conjugal constancy. I was indeed at first surprised, but I soon saw how it was — there is hypochondriasis in your temperament which occasionally predominates. You were avowedly hipped when you wrote, and not being able to laugh at your guardianship of Lady Betty's *honour*, you naturally slid into a serious essay preservative of La Belle's. She is very much obliged to you, and you are not less obliged to her. What will you say now, if I take

you at your word, and, according to your own proposed criterion, decide that she is a personage of the showy inner drama, one of the Vortex where a man must triumph or be despised? Well then, she has no aversion to you; on the contrary, she is your habitual advocate. Whenever in her company you are talked of, and talked of no man is more, she has always some observation to check or counteract the readiness with which even they who secretly admire openly attack your character — "one should not believe half one hears" — "tales always gain in repetition" —"left to himself from his childhood it is not to be wondered at if he has erred" — "he is still young"— "I have heard that his purse is always open to distress without ostentation" — "he is allowed to have genius, which is seldom long at odds with goodness" — and so forth. What say you? Is this a true criterion? Shall I put it to account? What I think even more extraordinary is, that whenever she puts in these saving clauses Godfrey always looks pleased, and gives her a smile of appro-

bation; notwithstanding which I tell you fairly I know his door would not be open to you. I had not waited for your desire to express what I really wished—she only gave the general answer that she could not but be glad to see any friend of mine, adding that I should no doubt previously express the same wish to Godfrey. I have no doubt she would have liked it, but he, in spite of those smiles I have just told you of, put a decided negative at once upon it; and the man, for whose temples you have been pleading with such interest and pathos, has no gratitude for the good opinion you entertain of him.

I do not mean to retract the character I have given you of Godfrey. I confess I was not so struck with it as you seem to be—I thought it a good every-day character, but I discovered nothing to exempt him from the lot of his fellow-creatures. However, since I received your letter I have been studying both him and her with increased attention. The stress you lay upon her desire of self-respect, and his delicate attentions,

together with your reasoning on the propriety of veiling affections the appearance of which good company and good sense are agreed not to tolerate, stagger me a little, and I have no objection to consider whether *le jeu en vaut la chandelle;* for I am no expiring swain or German sentimentalist who can look forward five years to the delight of kissing for the first time the little finger of his Charlotta. However I do not at present see any reason to suspect that La Belle is an admirer of your Wielands, and as I think that the little I said about her husband reached you at a moment when your imagination was in a colouring mood, I shall not be in a hurry to raise the siege. Besides I owe Godfrey a grudge on your account, and what would you and all the world think of me if, after a whole winter's pursuit, I should appear to be beat out of the field by a carroty Nicodemus?

The fellow is perpetually at Woodlee, and there is no deterring him with delicate affronts, and gross ones I must not attempt as he is patronized by Godfrey, though even those I am sure would be

of no avail, for his temperament is not the least evangelical part of him, not in the warring of his blood, but in the placidity of his submissions, and heavenly endurance of rebuke. Curse the creature, it is a slim long reed five feet eleven, has light blue eyes with white lashes, a fair freckled skin and a mouth full of even pearly teeth. Then he talks with such delight of Joseph and Nathan, the Mary's and Magdalen's, at the same time squeezing out a sort of fervid smile from every pore of his face, and widening his eyes as if to make more way for this seraphic transfusion of soul. He has more than once attempted with affected simplicity to apply " thou art the man" to me: and I must show him that he is not the man for La Belle. He makes awkward pretensions to taste, and writes insipid verses. Why the Godfreys like him I have no idea — his personal qualities are far below par, and as to family he is a new man.

His father I understand was a prosperous shopman in London, who from his profits and great custom began independence

in purchasing from time to time houses at Alton, where he was only known as a rich citizen of the Metropolis; then in purchasing estates, which gave him consequence in the county. He continued enriching himself and died a wealthy man, leaving a widow, a son and heir (Squire Rufus) and two daughters to the enjoyment of his accumulated gains. The girls are singing and dancing for husbands, which they are likely to find, their voices and steps being rendered irresistibly sweet and graceful by consols to the amount of "forty thousand pounds of lawful money of Great Britain, to be equally divided between my said daughters"—and the lad, a half-educated gentleman, is thrusting his nose into all the respectable families of the neighbourhood in quest of smiles and praise—he seems to have no personal vanity, but a species of vanity more ludicrous if not so ridiculous, that of being noticed for something, any thing, or nothing. You see what a troublesome animal he must be to me. I must find some way of getting rid of him.

A fine picture you have made of your self truly! — Weary of pleasure, tired of life at five-and-twenty! I should be seriously alarmed for you if this was the first time I had found you giving way to blue devils. Shake them off, my dear Darrell, and for ever. Life is full of delights, and before no man are they more profusely spread than you, and few are so blessed with the faculties that extract the essence and encrease the number of human pleasures. The classical stores of your memory, the brilliant visions of your imagination, the luxurious extent of your fortune, the command of beauty and of love! Are these good reasons for being weary of the Sun and wishing the world at an end? Pray step a little farther into *my* Vortex, not *yours*, and I'll answer for the recovery of your spirits. I say *mine* not *yours*, for not being so strictly adherent to the rules of rhetoric as you are, my Vortex has nothing of your inadequacy of centrifugal force, absorbing gulf, and sure perdition. I will allow you that similes ought to be well adjusted in all their bearings,

but here, whirling, and something of the giddiness that attends it, made up the extent of my similitude, and I had no idea of plunging this pleasant part of European communities into a frightful Charybdis. I thought of heads diverging to eccentric zeniths, and between the revolutions recovering a proper uprightness, like the sloping bodies of spirited waltzers, who at the conclusion of each waltz are as strait as ever; or, to do due honour to an astronomical simile which presents itself, I would have my system likened to that of Ptolemy, who set a brilliant sky of suns and stars to dance in perpetual vortices around this world of ours. You may take either of these similes, or both, by way of illustration, only don't engulph us all I beseech you.

Something of your minor frolics at Belmont I had heard of, but not of the classical turn that you gave to them, which was worthy of the enthusiastic idolatry of the Heathen deities you were so much remarked for at Eton. I think of relating it by way of anecdote to

Rufus Palmer; he is a copyist, and relying on the proverb, "show me a saint and I'll show you a sinner," I should not be surprised to hear of his peopling his place with Ruths and Esthers, Bathshebas and Lady Potiphars.

I am sorry to hear you talk of tragedies. It is in the larger drama you allude to, or, as I understand it, the serious drama of life, that the character of woman stands high, it is there that it must be held sacred. It is there that I remember to have seen my mother honouring her race, and a sister emulating her mother. In itself its scenes are rather sedate than sombre, but a frolic of my Vortex played there is *michin mallecho;* it means mischief. One must be serious, and that suits neither you nor me. I am not sorry to contemplate it from our gay little Vaudeville.— Come, step in my friend; it is useless to think of past horrors, sup of them no more, think of supping with Lady Betty, and take my word for it she will be more eloquent, at least more successful in her eloquence than I, in the invitation.

Where and wherefore are you going, nd for how long? The group at Bramblebear Hall seemed to promise some entertainment, and then your new office! Think of that Sir Francis.

Adieu! my dear Darrell — do not keep me in suspense about your movements, and above all things eschew melancholy.

Ever your's,

L. Vernon.

LETTER V.

Gilbert Saville to George Godfrey, Esq.

Milan, Aug. 7th, 1816.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

TIME has begun to shed its balm over wounds which I once thought would have been mortal, and which can never entirely close while my memory remains unimpaired. Notwithstanding the ardour of your invitation to return to England, I own I feel a repugnance, which you will not find it difficult to account for. It is indeed the region of my nativity, but it is also that of scenes from which the most agonizing reflections present themselves to my mind. What have I to do in England, where I am known as a bankrupt in fortune, and considered as the executioner of a lovely, innocent woman? And even you, George, how can you continue to esteem or regard,

with the warmth of affection you express, a man who at such an early period of your life robbed you of an aunt you so dearly, so justly loved, and from whose noble and cultivated mind you delighted to imbibe admirable counsels, which you prove to me that you have carried with you into the world? Your dear assurances of unfading remembrance and love, independent of your noble offers, have had their due weight upon my mind. Yes, George, it delights me to believe that you do remember me. You were fifteen when we parted; from a child you had had me in view, and for the last three years of the fifteen your education was carried on under my roof, and under the immediate auspices of the angel for whom you retain so grateful an affection. The manner in which your heart harmonized with ours, the pleasure you took in our social occurrences, the joy you felt in taking your little Augusta into your arms, and the eager look with which you entreated to be her god-father are vivid in my recollection, and leave me no doubt of your remembrance and attachment.

Moderated as my grief has been by the gradual growth of your god-daughter into the perfect model of her mother, and by other soothing circumstances, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to throw myself into your arms, and pass the rest of my life in contemplating your happiness, and watching her's: but candour requires that I should tell you that I think the repugnance I have mentioned, uniting with a local attachment I have formed here, would prevail, had I not two strong additional motives to comply with the wish you have so warmly expressed. I will make you acquainted with these in a few words: Augusta is becoming, nay is already, a Roman Catholic; and she has an Italian suitor — both strong against my remaining longer abroad, at least in this country, in which religion and love are staple passions, and where it is dangerous to trifle with either.

I am truly pleased to be able to assure you, that I am convinced that no impression of the latter nature has been made upon the heart of my girl.

This circumstance, pleasing as it is to me, rendered my continuance in this country painful, for wooers are not so soon repulsed in Italy as in England, and this young man, the Count d'Olivastro, persisted in a complete persuasion of obtaining her consent, if allowed opportunities to plead his passion. As she was not more inclined than I to give those opportunities, and as I had a delicate part to play with the Count's family, from whom I have received great civilities, I resolved to make my affairs, and the renewal of peace with France, the motives that induced me to return to my own country. I think the family were not altogether displeased at my resolution, for, though much at their ease, they are not among those whom the French revolution has enriched, and they were aware that the connection the Count sought would not improve his fortune.

Young d'Olivastro has some agreeable qualities, but they are dreadfully counterbalanced by a haughty, violent and selfish spirit, and heaven forbid that my Augusta should ever be trusted for life to

any being who knows not how to command his passions. He is very young, being only three-and-twenty now, and like all the young men of the countries where Napoleon ruled, he was obliged to serve early in the army, but partaking his family's prepossessions for legitimate succession to the throne, he served unwillingly, was made prisoner by the Austrians, and was allowed to return home on declaring his real principles.

Since the return of the Emperor of Austria to Vienna he was advised to go thither to pay his court to the Grand Duke now with his brother, to state the pretensions of his family to the favour of the sovereign, and to reap advantages which might be expected for him in consequence of the grand issue of the European struggle. He was not easily prevailed upon to quit Florence — he would take no refusal to his suit, and he agitated his own family and Pisani's in a very painful and alarming way. His mother, the Countess d'Olivastro, was at one time apprehensive that he would put an end to himself. He afterwards became less

turbulent for a while, but his appearance at the Austrian court being considered as absolutely necessary, he broke out again, and insisted on his mother's expostulating with me on the occasion. The poor Countess was very rational, and did every thing in her power to tranquillize him, and to persuade him to go without delay into Germany; both Pisani and I endeavouring at the same time to reason him out of his self-willed passion. We could not make him listen to reason, but convinced at length that his interest and fortune would materially suffer if he did not go, he left Tuscany in the same violent temper of mind, declaring that he would sooner die than relinquish his hope.

His absence affording me a good opportunity, I did every thing I could to cast a veil over the real cause of my departure; I showed no hurry, and strictly observed all the proprieties of a farewell, on leaving a neighbourhood where I had been well received. Having sent a few chests, containing my books and other things which I value, down to Leghorn to be shipped for England, and

adjusted all my affairs at Florence, I took leave of that beautiful spot last Tuesday, and arrived here yesterday so far on my way to Paris.

On the other additional motive which induced me to bend my steps towards England I have not time to enlarge. It will lead me to melancholy retrospection; but as I now feel courage enough to face images which used to stagger my fortitude, and the indulgence of which threatened despair, I will not turn from the subject — indeed it is your due, and I shall probably find an hour or two at Geneva; if not, I will make the opportunity when I am at Paris, where I know I shall hear from you as soon as possible after you receive this. Direct for me to the house of Penevaux and Co.

Say every thing affectionate for us to Caroline.

Your truly affectionate

GILBERT SAVILLE.

LETTER VI.

Mr. Saville to Mr. Godfrey.

Geneva, Aug. 14th, 1816.

We have been here three days, which the inviting serenity of the season has tempted me to devote to viewing some of the celebrated scenes of the picturesque country on the banks of the lake. Subjects that have employed poets, orators, and painters would receive no new charm from my pen, nor could I devote my time to them were I even inclined to indulge the enthusiasm which nature every where excites on these favourite regions. I have promised what I know will be to you a more interesting topic, and I will perform the promise, while Augusta with an agreeable party, is on an excursion up the lake.

Young as you were, George, you were but too well acquainted with the events

which first drove me from one corner of England to another, and from that country altogether when the treaty with France at Amiens opened the door between the two countries, and held out a deceitful hope of peace. My misery and your youth, though they could not eradicate our affection, prevented the sustained communication which but a short time before seemed in an established train for life. Your father's attachment to his sister, was one of an indissoluble nature, one which nothing but the death of both could alter — nor that I think — for never were there two beings on earth who more merited the perpetuity of an affection built not more on the ties of nature than on those virtues and qualities which form the foundation of true friendship. He scarcely suffered less than myself from the shocking circumstances which blasted the happiness of the family — I believe he endured the blow with even less fortitude and that it was as fatal to his life as to my Augusta's. When we took our flight, (your little god-daughter was at that time only four

years old,) he accompanied us across the channel, and went with us to Paris, and it was with difficulty we prevailed upon him to leave us and return to England, where not only his public duty, but private business of the most urgent nature, required his presence.

Previous to his departure, which he had but too good ground to believe would be a final separation from his sister, but which I little thought at the time would so soon be followed by their union in a better world, he made an arrangement with Penevaux's house for the regular payment of the interest of his sister's fortune, of which at our marriage I had so fortunately made an entire separate settlement on her and our children; and, knowing how little I had to expect from the representatives of the late Sir Francis Darrell, he would have left me besides a carte blanche at the banker's, had I not peremptorily refused it — but though he apparently acquiesced, I afterwards knew that he gave instructions to that effect. Had I wanted it, I would not have scrupled

to make use of the credit — I loved him too well for so weak an estimate of money — but it was never necessary — Five hundred pounds sterling a year has proved more than sufficient means for all that we have wanted or desired.

Had not the mortgage on Grove Park been precipitately foreclosed at the death of your father, I think the debt upon it, would with fair dealing have been reduced to a trifle, if not entirely liquidated: but it is gone and I will not bewail — I want little in this world and your god-daughter has a mind that can find content in a portion much smaller than that which she has in right of her mother. The bonds indeed which I executed to the unfortunate Darrell, and which must now be in possession of the inheritor of his fortune, have lately forced themselves upon my recollection unpleasantly, particularly since my determination to return to England, nor do I repel from my thought your affectionate proposals respecting them. This is not the moment however to dwell upon the

subject — I have more important matter for this letter. . . . .

When your father left me I felt as if the only prop of my hope had been taken from me. In his company your aunt was or seemed to be buoyed up with resolution to combat the horrors which inwardly preyed upon her heart — but her efforts at appearance failed when he was gone — she became again assailed in dreams and absorbed in reveries. In the latter she would sit for hours without speaking a word, intent on the gloomy images that took possession of her mind: in the former she spoke sometimes incoherently, at others intelligibly enough to show that she dwelt on the dreadful causes of her melancholy state, especially the duel between your uncle Colonel Godfrey and Sir Francis Darrell — which was so fatal to both! She frequently cried out, "oh, save him, save him!" and at times seemed to address me as if I wanted proofs of her fidelity — "You know my heart — indeed it never wronged you." In addition to these violent agitations, her slight frame had

to contend with the consequences of a miscarriage brought on by information of the duel at a time when it was most dangerous.

Much as I suffered, the last words of your father, as he pressed my hand, supported my resolution not only to take advantage of all the means which the most skilful in the knowledge of the human frame could prescribe; but, by cherishing hope in my own breast and proving it by my manner to her, to prevent the total sacrifice of this dear and innocent victim to the false notions and barbarous habits of civilised society. Thin, feeble, pallid, she was the ghost of my Augusta; yet was not the beam of her eye quite quenched, and there were times when it sparkled with its former sweetness; this was when the prattle of her little namesake marked the delightful progress of intellect in infancy. Those encouraging smiles are among the treasures of my memory; I often fancy them, though without the hope they then raised. The cherub that produced them, unconscious of her power, applied the charm from day to day,

and effected so favourable a change, that what I wished I began to believe, and hope strengthened into expectation.

With a view of removing all the causes of recollection, we had refused the company of a young lady whose attachment would have induced her to follow the fortunes of her friend; and, in order to guard against the communication of our story among servants, we brought none across the channel with us, but provided ourselves with those of the country we were going to inhabit. Paris was out of the question — every reason was against it — the gaiety, splendour, bustle, expence — but above all, the influx of Englishmen: yet it was desirable to be near the capital, for the sake of medical advice.

I took a small furnished house very agreeably situated close to Montmorenci, which is but a few hours ride from Paris. Seeing company, according to the phrase, was completely excluded from my plan; but I thought some pleasing social intercourse would not be the least effective medicine in the malady I was seeking to conquer. This I sought in the family of

my landlord, among whom we found good sense and kindness, which I flattered myself had considerable effect on my invalid. When her little girl began to catch the French, the pleasure her mother testified was great, and it was followed by a wish to attend to her improvement in the language. The forming a wish for any earthly enjoyment was no inconsiderable point gained — it evidently produced a state of passive cheerfulness, if I may so express myself, for active cheerfulness it could not be called; she looked rather than spoke her feelings; it was a tranquil joy too feeble to attain the height of spirits — still it was a flattering change, and I exerted my-myself to bring her to fix her attention on the education of her daughter. Before the end of the twelve months which we passed in the beautiful valley of Montmorenci I had the happiness to find her thoughts flowing chiefly in that channel, and that the gloom which hung over her countenance was yielding to maternal tenderness and solicitude.

Thus buoyed by increasing hope, I

was thinking of renewing an engagement for our little pavillion when, as I proposed it to her, she shook her head and at the same time said, "do; but I would not have you flatter yourself that health can be restored to me here — I have been led by the affections which Augusta has raised to take some new interest in life, and I even frankly confess to you that your tender assiduities, the love I have always felt for you, and the gratitude now so much due to you, render me not indifferent to the preservation of it: but —"

How did my heart beat when she uttered, but! she perceived it; a tear started to her eye, but it dispersed without falling, and was followed by a smile — she put out her hand, I pressed it to my heart.

"I will not afflict you," continued she, "with an unnecessary prediction — I will even think that I may be mistaken in what I suppose the information of my feelings — try, my dear Saville, all the resources of knowledge and skill — if it be possible to preserve my life my endeavours shall not be wanting; but before

you again engage this place let us go to Paris and consult our physicians— Though I have lately been more resigned, and even amused, I have unusual symptoms which I cannot account for; the sinkings at my heart, though less frequent, are more resistless, and I draw my breath with pain; the air oppresses me."

It was not my intention, my dear George, to be so circumstantial, but it is not easy for me to recur to that part of my life without falling into detail, and I see I must watch the impulse that dictates to my pen, or I shall have to break off my narrative at the beginning. The faculty advised me to take their patient to a southern climate. To me they candidly pronounced the issue to be uncertain, but also assured me that I had no cause to despair. I immediately determined to proceed to Italy—I informed your father of my determination and the reason for it, and suspecting that his feelings would impel him to come over to us I urged him, if such were his intention, to drop it, as it might prove a very

dangerous trial to his sister, and overturn the remaining hope which had been given me. He concurred in the opinion declaring that he judged of her feelings by his own; and in a private communication he said he had been ill, and was unable to travel. It was fortunate that we undertook the journey at the time we did, for in a few months after the Peace was dissolved, and the new breach with England was immediately followed by that odious step of the first Consul's — the detention of all the English in France.

Having fixed on Florence for our future residence, I took a letter of credit from our bankers at Paris to their correspondents in that town, and being advised to avoid the mountains, I traversed France by easy journeys to Marseilles where we embarked for Leghorn. The passage was pleasant, and travelling gently through the delightful vale of Arno we reached Florence without any disaster or embarrassment. Throughout our journey I took the greatest care that your aunt should suffer no fatigue, or as little as possible, and I observed a

visible change for the better. She talked more, she noticed the countries we passed through, and she breathed more freely. My hopes were so elevated that I began to feel myself a new man. By the attention of our Italian banker, Signor Cardello, we were soon settled in a *Casino* about two leagues from the town, near Signa, down the river which washed the banks of our garden.

Here, as in France, our object was — not complete solitude but — retirement and tranquillity. Your aunt's personal appearance was little changed; she continued pale and thin, but Augusta, now turned five, so constantly claimed an exertion of spirits, that her cheerfulness began to assume an activity which was highly gratifying to me. We early formed an acquaintance with an admirable family of the name of Pisani, whose *Campagna* was contiguous to ours — they proved at first a source of great comfort, and our acquaintance ripened into real and lasting friendship. The family consisted of the Marchese and Marchesa di Pisani, Signora Bentivoli,

mother of the Marchesa, two sons, big lads at college, and a daughter about a year older than your god-daughter.

In the early part of our acquaintance they kept much company according to the custom of the country, but they afterwards had melancholy causes of seclusion. They were too rational, and possessed too much feeling to attempt to alter our necessary mode of life; and we just partook of their's enough to make some variety without fatigue. As to themselves, they left nothing undone that tended in the least to restore health to the dear object of my care. She was grateful for their exertions, and strove to give them effect, but that which seemed to produce the greatest was the delight she took in the natural mutual instruction of the two little girls Augusta and Angelica Pisani. They caught each other's language; their play, their prattle, their improvement was the principal medicine which gave ease to her malady and prolonged her life.

The political events which succeeded

had no unpleasant consequences with respect to us but as they affected our friends the Pisani; indeed, rather the reverse, for it so happened that, among the emigrants who returned to France at the peace of Amiens, there was one whom you must remember well, as he was often in our family circles and considered as a friend — I mean the Count de B. Your father and I saw him at Paris, and he frequently came to us at Montmorenci. He knew my plans and felt greatly interested in the recovery of your aunt.

In compliance with his desire I had written him an account of our arrival and establishment near Florence. We corresponded for some time — he was soon marked out as a man worthy of esteem, and became connected with the government — he was particularly known to the amiable character who afterwards held the reins of government in that part of the immensely-extended dominions under the rule of Napoleon. I tell you this to account for my unmolested residence in Italy during the extraordinary convulsions of the continent for the last fourteen years — my

parole was all that was required of me, and I never met with the slightest public vexation.

Different was the lot of my friend Pisani. Though of a noble family his good sense had enabled him to pass with respect the democratic ordeals of the times; nor was he a suspected or obnoxious man after the establishment of arbitrary power, but his sons in time attained the age when war claimed their services. To be brief, my dear George—they no sooner quitted their college than they found themselves under the necessity of taking up the sword — they both fell in the same year though in different battles. These blows were severely felt by Pisani, and still more severely by the Marchesa and her mother.

As the mild enjoyments of our intercourse with the family had aided to protract a life which I would have laid down my own to preserve, and which for the last year of it had been visibly wearing away till it hung by a thread — so the gloom with which the house of our friends was doubly and deeply overcast hastened the snapping of that thread which left

me wretched and your god-daughter motherless.

I will not paint to you the scenes which preceded that event. My inclination to cherish those sad recollections has already made me wander more than I ought from the object I had in view when I took up the pen, yet had I been less minute I doubt whether you would have clearly understood how I came to be so indifferent, for I cannot truly say thoughtless, in respect to the religious principles of my child.

All that I had suffered from the malicious talk of an unfeeling world — from the death of your uncle John and the manner of it — from the distress of your father's mind, — from the first dangers of my Augusta, — all seemed light, compared to the dreadful agitation of my soul, when the form of her whom I had so fondly loved, lay lifeless before me, and the expressive farewell of her closing eye was ended, never more to be repeated — or rather; they all combined their force with this last shock to unman my frame and leave me to a nerveless existence. Yes, George, I was long a non-

entity, and not only my reason, but the better feelings of nature ceased to influence me. I did not for some time even feel the embraces of my child at my heart; it was completely gone with her mother. — But I am wandering again, and you will almost think me expressing myself on an event of yesterday rather than after a lapse of fourteen years. Not so, my dear George, I am recovered, I have been so at least four out of the fourteen. I am nerved again, again have hope in prospect and joy in possession — I have another Augusta. But I find notwithstanding this I cannot recur temperately to those images which were so deeply engraven on my poor brain.

I will now endeavour to proceed more calmly, yet I have another string to touch upon by which my heart is often made to vibrate — not to its recovered tone but — to its former groans. I *must* speak of it — I *must* tell you that as I proceed I feel a chain holding me and drawing me back to Signa.

In a retired spot of Pisani's grounds, forming a small grove, rest the remains of Augusta. They were at his request

deposited there in a vault purposely prepared. A less overwhelming sorrow would probably have led me daily to gaze upon her grave, but mine proved a heedless despondency — heedless of all that could affect the heart of man — She was gone — I was alone on earth — I thought but of the incorruptible part of her nature — it was all of her now, and I wished to follow her — my soul seemed already departed — the earth and all mortal concerns were indifferent to me.

The grief of the Pisani for their sons was great, but in a degree rational; they mourned deeply, but neither forgot nor neglected human affairs. Pisani watched the progress of my disordered mind, and suffered many months to elapse before he attempted to reason with me. One day perceiving an inclination in me to fondle my little Augusta, he ascribed the emotion to a favourable change, and he soon after began to talk of the soothing feelings produced by memorials of friends. He mentioned the desire of erecting tombs as a dictate of nature. Though I was sensible that I was beginning to think more of life and

more like a living creature. I did not agree with him in considering memorials always soothing, and I said that I dreaded to look at a picture, or even at a signature. I added that tombs and their monuments were different — the soothing thought they produced arose from a reflection of honouring the dead, and that they were not calculated to excite that vivid remembrance which rushed upon the mind on the sight of personal relics.

We were alone walking through his shrubbery: as I spoke he turned into an avenue which led to the little grove, and as we advanced said, — "If the reflection of honouring the dead soothes the heart of the living, as I know it does; why should you and I reject the consolation it affords? Let us partake it together." We entered the grove — the dead had been honoured indeed! A monument of white marble had been erected over the grave of my Augusta. Imagine my surprise,—I believe I may say, my pleasure.— It was simple, light, almost airy, as if constructed to be easily burst open, and it manifested the taste for which the ar-

tists of that country are so generally distinguished: there was nothing engraved upon it but her name and the day of her death: it stood upon an insulated circular piece of turf. Beyond this, at a little distance, but on opposite sides of the tomb, there were two urns of the same marble on elegant pedestals bearing the names and ages of his sons, and the dates of the battles in which they fell.

It would not be easy for me to define the nature of the emotion produced by this unexpected scene. I think the predominant feeling at the moment was an affectionate gratitude to Pisani, which, as I approached the monument, was succeeded by a more violent one that resulted from strong recollection of the object which lay beneath it. My first impulse expressed itself by the seizure and pressure of my friend's hand: but when I came up to the tomb, I was seized with an universal trembling. Pisani held me up; I leaned upon the marble, burst into tears and wept long and bitterly — I had not wept before.

From that day I date the commence-

ment of my recovery — it was slow at first, and would never have been so far effected as it is; but for the part your god-daughter soon after took in the advancement of it. Her claims on my attention were irresistible as they had before been on her mother's — the charm was repeated on me, and I resolved to devote my time and all my powers to the improvement of her mind. She lived in the house of Pisani with her friend Angelica, — they were reared together, and their attachment gathered strength with their years. Angelica, now a lovely young woman, was then an amiable child — she accompanied us in our frequent visits to the grove, entered into all our conversations, talking Italian and English almost equally well, and became another daughter to me, as she was in every thing a sister to my Augusta, who on her part had gained the affections of her friend's parents.

Now comes the point. — The French Revolution had shaken religion to its foundation. Some clever men having openly professed themselves Atheists

and Infidels, Atheism and Infidelity were assumed as evidences of talent and genius, and it was a much more advantageous thing to be taken for a man of talent than for a Christian. There were however many families whom no advantages could make ashamed of their Saviour, and among those were the Pisani: but in general I saw little regard paid to the Church, and I was sorry to see it; for, though differing in opinion on certain points, I thought it better that men should stand on the basis of Christianity any where than be set adrift on ill-constructed rafts of pretended philosophy. What I saw of it therefore in Pisani's family appeared amiable, and I was never struck with a necessity of guarding against its influence — nor, if that had been the case, should I, in the unhappy state of my mind have been able to do it — I will own myself still more to blame: even when I began to think more coherently and suspected that Augusta was imbibing religion and friendship together, I inertly suffered it to proceed, satisfying the indolent portion of reason that re-

mained stagnant in my brain with the principle which I still support—that some hope is better than none — that the Roman faith is preferable to religious indifference.

I shall perhaps do myself an injury in your opinion, my dear George, when I go still farther, and tell you that even now I do not think that this cause would have driven me from Italy — from Signa, — from the grove, had there been no other to impel a removal — had the Conte d' Olivastro's vexatious and violent pretensions not determined me upon it, and had not the receipt of your letters added a new impulse.

I have not been strict in the examination of Augusta's creed; I have been content with seeing her pious and virtuous, and I have trusted to her understanding, which is excellent, to correct the errors of early impression. In this I may have been wrong, but, however her sentiments may ultimately fix as to disputed articles, I shall not be very unhappy while I know her to be good.

And now, my dear George, having

fulfilled the promise in my last, adieu! I shall leave Geneva at the end of this week, and probably be in Paris before the end of the ensuing one.

Your ever affectionate

GILBERT SAVILLE.

LETTER VII.

Augusta Saville to Angelica Pisani.

Geneva, Aug. 1816.

Mia carissima Angelica! Sorella amabile ed amata! — But why should I write in Italian to you, who are as well acquainted with English as myself? — and now that you will want your usual practice I think I shall make a point of writing chiefly in a language which I am anxious that you should not neglect. Then be it so, my dearest Angelica, my amiable and truly beloved sister — let our correspondence be carried on in my native tongue, but without restricting yourself entirely to it, as it will give me great pleasure to read your sentiments, and the expression of your friendship, in the melodious flow of one hardly less natural to me. — And write to me often, Angelica. — You know what I have suffered for some time at the thought of this dreadful separation; nor could I have endured it, but for

our mutual resolution of continuing to open our hearts to each other in letters, and the kind promises and engagements of our dear indulgent fathers to do every thing in their power to shorten the period of absence.

You know what a pang our parting kiss inflicted on my heart by that which was felt at your own — the dear Marchesa saw and felt it, and followed me to my chamber to console and pour the balm of her love into my heart, and her dear affectionate words did console me, and I hope she repeated them to you. "Gusta," said she, "this yielding to passion, for it is passion, is not surely a proof of the fortitude of the character which you admire, and which you thought you possessed. Be moderate, and I shall approve your tears" — dear Marchesa! her own were running down her cheeks. — "Let not your feelings overcome your reason," continued she, "and I assure you, that if it appears necessary for you to remain long in England, we will bring or send Angelica for you."

I pressed her to my heart, and thanked

her from it, assuring her that she had greatly lightened the weight with which it was oppressed — that, depending upon her promise, and reflecting upon the maternal counsels she had so affectionately allowed me to share with you, I should endeavour to regulate my conduct and feelings through life by them, convinced, as I now was at an age capable of judging, that they were indeed the results of wisdom as well as the dictates of a tender mother.

In spite of her own advice she gave way to a flood of tears, saying at the same time that she would have felt less pain at the separation had it not taken place at a time when she had reason to fear that my father had been attempting to divert my mind from adhering to a faith so important to the eternal welfare my soul. I assured her that her apprehensions were groundless, and that although my father had lately spoken more to me on the subject of religion than he had been accustomed to do, it was with the greatest tenderness, and that he did not even appear to me inclined to lay a

stress on the differences in our sentiments. She was pleased, again embraced me, and gave me her blessing.

No, my dear Angelica, I will be no apostate — we have learned together to appreciate the principles of our belief, and it would be folly as well as wickedness to require that the knowledge of sacred things should be reduced to the level of every capacity — You may again assure our dear mother that this is the invariable sentiment of your sister Augusta, — of her grateful daughter — Repeat it also to our dear Abatte Cevello, with my affectionate remembrance, and tell him that I depend greatly upon his prayers. The longer I live and the more I reflect, the more am I convinced, my dearest Angelica, that however our emotions may depend on external causes, our actions should be, generally speaking, though not always, the result of duty.

My feelings on quitting Florence plunged me into a state of depression which continued long — Signa had been my home almost as long as I could remember; I had no other family than that of

Pisani; I was brought up with Angelica; Angelica was my more beloved self. — Yes, these were just causes — I was torn away — I ceased indeed to weep, but I felt my loss the more — those dear objects of my affection remained present to my imagination, and so absorbed my thoughts, that I totally neglected the attentions which I had ever taken delight in bestowing on my father. Having the whole day endeavoured in vain to direct my attention to the scenes that presented themselves on our journey, and being uneasy at my unusual silence, he began to reproach himself as the cause of my unhappiness, and appeared so unhappy himself at my dejection, that I was recalled to a sense of what I owed to him, of that affection and care which his unbounded love and indulgence merited. I became immediately sensible that I was deviating from the principles which our dear mother had so perseveringly instilled into our minds, and I resolved to make my obedience to her precepts the best proof to myself of my love for her, for my dear Marchesa, and for you, my be-

loved Angelica. I know you will be pleased with my resolution, and to show you that I carried it into execution, I will devote the rest of this letter to the observations I made after we left Milan on the country through which we passed, and I hope the change may give you as much pleasure as it did my father.

Let me pre-monish you, Angelica, not to expect that any description of mine can do justice to the stupendous, the sublime scenery of the Alps; but I cannot have crossed them without an irresistible impulse to express to my dearest sister the mixed feelings of delight, wonder, and admiration which the sight of these grand regions of the globe, so different in their nature from that of our own beautifully-soft and smiling vale of Arno, has produced in her Augusta. How often, how constantly did it give words to the predominating wish of my heart, "Oh that Angelica were with me!"

My father, anxious to dispel the gloom which seemed settling on my mind, had resolved to go a little out of the direct road, with the view of presenting objects

to amuse and rouse me; and though he perceived already the change my reflection had wrought, he persisted in his intention.—From Milano we went to Como with the ancient celebrity of which you are well acquainted—there I was delighted with an excursion we made on the lake. In spite of my moral determination, the pleasure I received from the picturesque romantic views of its banks was damped by the absence of her with whom I have from infancy been accustomed to share every enjoyment. I believe in spite of an effort to the contrary that a tear stole to my eye, while I assented to the remarks of my father—he perceived it, and kindly said "I wish Angelica were with us!" I echoed the words, and afterwards made no scruple of expressing the wish before him, as I was sure he approved and participated my feelings.

At the time we were there, the scenery of the lake of Como surpassed in beauty all that I had seen, and I could not sufficiently admire the different prospects created by the eminences rising abruptly

from the water's edge, beautifully softened by a rich and luxuriant foliage, enlivened by innumerable villas in our Italian style of magnificence, and receiving the additional charm of sublimity from the distant snow-capped summits of the Alps in the back ground. My father smiled at my enthusiasm, which he took a pleasure in seeing me indulge, and which his remarks increased. I cannot help telling you, trifling as you will think it, that in the midst of our enjoyment of this grand treat of nature, my ear, so long accustomed to the full and melodious sounds of our "*divina favella,*" was sadly annoyed with the intolerable grating of—what shall I call it?—the French *u* of the boatmen, at the piping wire-drawn tone of which I could not however avoid laughing out, when a Milanese who accompanied us, and who acted as our *Cicerone*, said to my father with a truly comic sigh of sentiment; "Lei vede che la Nat*u*ra ha fatto t*u*tto per Italia ma l'h*u*omo niente affatto."—The speech, to say nothing of the pronunciation, richly deserved the laugh.

From Como we travelled by a cross road to Laveno, a small town prettily situated on the Lago Maggiore, where we arrived the next day and embarked for Baveno near the Isole Borromeo. The passage was delightful and I was not long in confessing that the scenery of Como could be rivalled. On the whole, the Lago Maggiore pleased me more by its noble expanse of waters and the distant views: but in detail, that of Como presented more luxuriant landscapes. We visited the Fairy Islands, as they are called, though I could see nothing fairy-like in the ill-disguised art of man. The palace on Isola Bella is disgraced by a number of miserable hovels close to its walls, which almost seem to be placed there as a comment on the ill-judged magnificence, or rather the ostentation and mis-spent wealth of those who laid out so many millions on this palace and its hanging gardens: but it must never be forgotten that the wealth of the same hand was not always thrown away on such pompous and ridiculous gratifications.—San Carlo Borromeo and

his universal charity will ever be the admiration of all who can feel the influence of that heavenly virtue.

At Baveno we entered on the Simplon road, which led us along the river Toccia to Domo D'Ossola where we were to pass the night. We were now at the foot of the Alps — I cannot describe to you what I felt while gazing on them as we approached them. I reflected that the evening was to be my last in Italy — that those mountains which seem to form an impenetrable barrier between that dear dear Italy and the rest of the world would by the next night divide me from my beloved Angelica — Again my heart was full, again my kind father sympathised with me and joined in the " I wish Angelica were with us!" Oh! that it had been possible! But I will not dwell on those feelings lest I should again give way to the melancholy that resumed its power over me the whole of that night, unopposed by my father, who indeed rather encreased it by his own, and by some mournful reflections on the little grove at Signa: nor was it removed till

our attention and admiration were roused by the wonders which surrounded us in our journey the next day over the Simplon.

Upon entering the road at Baveno I thought it fine, but what shall I say to express my opinion of part of it passing over the mountains to Breig? It is a most superb and magnificent monument of the wonderful powers with which our Creator has endowed his favourite creature — man. I am vexed that we should owe this road to Napoleon, for I am obliged to allow the designer of it to have possessed great genius — But why should I not? My dear Marchesa must forgive the question — My admiration of this proof of it does not make me forget that all the greatness of this child of Fortune was never in alliance with goodness, or that his ambition was the scourge of virtue.

From Domo the ascent is immediate, the road, hard and broad, winding on the side of a hill through a valley — if such the Val Diviedro can be called, formed, as it is, by lofty mountains standing so

close as scarcely to admit the rays of the sun to the extent of its depth — generally so narrow that the road and the torrent which rushes down it occupy the whole breadth, and too narrow for both in some places, where the road is then pierced through the solid rock. We entered the first of these galleries, which is eighty yards in length, by passing a bridge thrown across a fine cascade which sends a thick spray over it, whilst the body of water falls with a tremendous noise into the torrent below. These Alpine scenes are immensely wild in their sublimity; I shall not attempt to give particular descriptions of them — To do justice to these awful combinations of peaks and precipices, woods and torrents, snows and glacieres, would require the pen of that genius which could make "the live thunder leap from peak to peak among rattling crags," transform "lakes into phosphoric seas," and with the sounds of his lyre set "the big rain dancing to the earth."

Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche — the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

I shall only say that in contemplating I was still more sensible of an "expansion of spirit" than of terror: my melancholy wore off, and my soul seemed elevated above itself. I had never before experienced a similar emotion; I appeared to breathe purer air, in an atmosphere of liberty and independence. Liberty and Independence! what could bring such words to my pen but the magic contagion of poetry — I wish not to be freed from the chains of affection — to cease to depend upon those so dear to my heart, the sources of my happiness; and such alone have been *my* chains, such alone the dependence I have ever felt.

We at length arrived at Simplon, a village near the summit of the road

on the side of Italy—The Swiss side, though possessing kindred grandeur in the character of its scenery, is not so awful in its features as the Italian. The road continues the same admirable one. Just after attaining its highest point it passes under the glacier of Keltwasser—what a name for the lovely Tuscan mouth of Angelica!—whose immense masses of ice seem ready to roll down upon the traveller below, who to his left looks on a precipice of several thousand feet. The acclivity is so gentle that we descended nearly the whole way at a gallop, my father being anxious to reach the plain before night: but we had so often stopped to indulge admiration in our ascent that it was dark when we arrived at Breig.

We were now in the Vallais, a country so disagreeable to me that I will not dwell upon the objects of it as we passed. I felt oppressed and imprisoned by its two ranges of barren hills between which the rapid Rhone flows to the Lake of Geneva. There are, however, some pretty spots on the

way, particularly the situation of Sion, the capital of the Canton: but I saw nothing to compensate for the filthy and deplorable appearance of the inhabitants, their *goitres* and *cretins.* What a relief was it to leave the Canton! and well might it be so, for never was there a greater contrast — between places so near — than that between the Vallais and the Pays de Vaud, which we entered by a bridge over the Rhone — proudly attributed by the people to Julius Cæsar.

We purposed on leaving Breig to pass the night at Bex, and we arrived at that enchanting spot early in the evening. It is situated directly under some fine and abrupt peaks of Alps near the entrance of the Rhone into the lake. The valley is itself extremely rich; its surrounding views most romantic and picturesque, particularly the Alps of Savoy towards the south, where a very high and craggy peak called the *Dent de Midi*, which has its correspondent *tooth* in the Pays de Vaud called the *Dent de Morclès*, is a noble and commanding object.

The day of our arrival was a festival — the scene was exhilarating — my father was particularly interested in it, as it brought to his mind the fairs and wakes of England — In me too, though there was little similarity in the modes of gaiety, it produced a recollection of our pleasant Cassini at Florence; and could I have such a recollection without sighing for my Angelica to share with me in the pleasure of observing new manners and customs?

Our journey from Bex along the banks of the Lake through Vevay and Lausanne to Geneva was most agreeable — the country fine, and some of the costumes of the peasantry pretty — but I will not lengthen my letter with a detailed account of these, as my father says he can spare me no longer. We arrived on the evening of the * * * at Secheron, where we are at an hotel delightfully situated on the banks of the Lake about a mile from Geneva, and where the Rhone, which we had left muddy at St. Maurice, issues from the Lake as clear as crystal. I am greatly

pleased with the place, and was yesterday delighted with a view from a spot near the town of the Prince of Mountains — the venerable Mont Blanc.

I shall here close this letter — My father wishes to push on to Paris, but is so attracted by the beauties about him that we shall probably remain a week, if not longer, here — if so, you shall hear from me again, and of the new scenes that prompt the so frequently-repeated ejaculation, " Oh that Angelica were with me !"

Embrace my dear Marchese and Marchesa and Signora Benvolta for me. Remember me kindly to our worthy friends D'Olivastro — would to Heaven the Count had not proved himself so weak and so violent a young man — I cannot but believe that he is not the slightest of the motives of our departure — My father says he will write to the Marchese on his arrival in England. Adieu ! I love you — love your

AUGUSTA.

LETTER VIII.

Sir Francis Darrell to Mr. Vernon.

Dover, Aug. 1816.

MY DEAR VERNON,

I HAVE just received your letter which was sent hither after me — I had appointed the day for my departure from Bramblebear-Hall allowing time for an answer from you to my last, but unfortunately only time, and being prepared at the day, I took my leave. Your letter comes opportunely to give a fillip to my spirits which have been considerably depressed since my arrival here, where my time has been spent in contemplation of events and circumstances long past, but which nevertheless are the motives that have brought me thus far on my way to Paris.

I do not believe that you — though the only man to whom I have accustomed myself to open my thoughts with that freedom

and confidence which are a relief to the mind — for where are men to be found that awaken that interest which unlocks the heart? — I do not believe that you are much acquainted with my family history, or indeed with my own childhood; and separation, after our boyish conection at school till within these three years, diverted our attention from passing incidents, or rather prevented their falling under our notice.

The events and circumstances I allude to relate not to myself, and took place at a time when neither you nor I cared for what was going on in the world; they were, though deeply interesting to the parties, of a nature which only fed temporary curiosity, and supplied a day's talk to beings such as people your Vortex — they involved the loss of life and the destruction of character — they happened and are forgotten, except to cast by reflection hereditary stains, Heaven knows not needed, to blacken one sufficiently dyed with his own. They were detailed to me by my mother when I began to discover a disposition not likely to submit to the

commander under whom you tell me in one of your letters that Mr. Godfrey early enlisted — the demi-god of the breast — she suspected as I grew up that there were neither demi-gods nor gods sufficiently powerful to control the passions rapidly strengthening in the heart of her son, and like a righteous mother she set before me a picture which ought to have had more effect upon me than it had — It had none — that she wished at least; on the contrary, I looked upon the horrid parts of it as the common results of chance, and in other incidents I saw hereditary nature, from which I drew fortifying inferences in behalf of those passions which already terrified her and surprised all good folks who heard of me. But in truth, my dear Vernon, the story is a melancholy one, and as I am meditating, even at this distance of time from the event, some amendment of the catastrophe, which will probably reach your ear from other quarters, I will prepare you for the reports of the Vortex by a short account of the previous history.

My father is gone to the only state of rest that is unmixed with horror — death puts an end to all that disturbs the petty machine called man — nothing survives him but fame, and that is an immortality which does not fall to the lot of one in millions — the man who last possessed the name and title transmitted to me is among the millions — the good that might be said of him is long completely forgotten, as will be the evil, though that remains longest in the mouth of his surviving malignant fellow-creature. I would not draw him from his state of oblivion to descant on his deformities — I believe him to have possessed many excellent qualities such as they are in human creatures; and that for which he is condemned is no treason against Nature in my eyes, though it is not surprising that it should have been so in my mother's — he was a man of pleasure. Some twenty years ago, there existed as now a Vortex, into which he in his youth had been whirled. I believe he chose his wife at some distance from the limits of it, but, however that may be,

he thought of it as you explain your ideas respecting it in the letter now on my table, and he took a delight in drawing his friends, particularly the female ones, into the influence of it. He meant no more harm than you do at this moment — but so it was.

He had a friend of the name of Saville who had a beautiful wife — my mother said she was equally sensible and virtuous, qualities in women little to be calculated upon — and so Sir Francis thought as to the sense and virtue of Mrs. Saville. Saville himself, whose fortune, though equal to every comfort, was very unequal to the support of habits contracted among men of ten times his property, had some time before his marriage dipped his estate pretty deeply. My father was his chief creditor, and after his marriage became his only one, by taking up all his debts, for which he had a mortgage on Grove Park and bonds. So circumstanced, Mrs. Saville, whose fortune, a small one, had been secured to herself by settlement, could not but feel kindly towards

Sir Francis, who I believe, on my mother's assurance, felt himself in a dilemma between the dishonour of taking advantage of obligation and the passion the lady had inspired. He was so struck with this dilemma that it had an influence upon his opinions — he struggled with his passion, but habits are not subdued all at once. His feelings were clearly seen to be what they were — the lady's were interpreted to be what they were not — whispers and winks and talk settled the matter. Sir Francis half believed it himself, and while he resolved on the side of honour saddled his conscience with this proviso, that if the alternative was the lady's free choice, then the taking advantage of an obligation was out of the question — There was in his mind a doubt, and this doubt he naturally and honourably determined to solve.

Meanwhile Saville who loved his wife to distraction began to understand the looks of his acquaintances and also those of his friend, who was so completely enamoured as not to be able to conceal his

feelings before him. Most unhappily, the means which Sir Francis devised to solve his doubt turned Saville's into certainty that all was not right on the part of his friend; for he took the first opportunity of being alone with her to throw himself at her feet and declare his passion with all the vehemence of a lover.

A lover in such a situation, however skilled he may be in the science of optics, is not likely to have his imagination swayed from his direct purpose by thinking of angles of incidence and angles of reflection—but neither will those angles change their properties to be subservient to the purpose of the lover. Sir Francis was indeed alone in the room with the lady whose hand he had seized, while in the posture peculiarly expressive of adoration at all shrines: but it happened that the rays of light from this posture entered a large mirror precisely in an angle to be conveyed by the reflecting angle to a sofa in the next room on which Saville himself was reclining. On hearing the sound of a voice he raised his eyes exactly in that angular direction,

which his wife as well as her lover would have wished changed for any other — not that Mrs. Saville had on that occasion aught to fear for herself, but every thing for her husband and the unfortunate man before her. In her eagerness to prevent mischief, she raised his own hand against his lips, and nodded her head towards the open door. At the same moment she gave him a letter, requesting him to withdraw immediately, and read it. Understanding her nod and misunderstanding every other part of her conduct, he hastened in silence to obey her, and had mounted his horse before the bewildered Saville, who was approaching on tip-toe to listen to confessions he expected to ensue, had reached the apartment where the short scene had taken place.

Surprised at the vanishing of the object, and seeing no confusion in the face of the lady, he almost doubted it to be a vision of his fancy, which had lately dwelt on the suspicions raised by appearances. Without explanation he went forward in haste to overtake the culprit —

he was gone, but there was no doubt he had been there as was proved by the answer of a servant who had just attended to see him mount his horse.

Short as was the time which elapsed between the discovery made in the mirror and the ascertaining of Sir Francis's departure, it had given Saville time to recollect that he had no proof, and that the exertion of a little restraint on his feelings would soon enable him to effect also a complete discovery, to the conviction of Mrs. Saville's brother, Colonel Godfrey, whose affection for his sister was mingled with great esteem; and before whom the talkers and hinters were prudently reserved. Still flying reports had reached his ear, and he had even freely conversed on the subject with Saville, who had not dissembled his uneasiness, *not* at the conduct of his wife, but at the attentions of his friend, which seemed to warrant at least a suspicion of his designs.

Colonel Godfrey happened to come down to Grove Park (then Saville's seat) the day before the mirror scene of this

tragedy was performed. He was spirited and young, and little endowed with the virtue of forbearance. He was riding out when Sir Francis paid that morning visit. On his return Saville in the fulness of heart confided to him all he had seen and all he feared — a passion and clandestine correspondence were evident. It seems that Colonel Godfrey appeared to hear the story with great coolness, and advised the adoption of deliberate measures; but while his countenance was unruffled, a fire was kindled at his heart that he had no diposition to smother; — parting with his brother-in-law he quietly directed his man to take his horses into the road and wait there for him. Determined to force the letter from Sir Francis or act upon his refusal as a certainty of his sister's dishonour he arranged his pistols and carried them with him. It appears that he made the demand in a tone so imperious and fiery as to defeat his purpose of obtaining it, and to rouse a spirit of defiance, which being mutually given with equally unyielding temper, an immediate resort to the *ultima ratio* was

determined. They hurried, attended only by their servants, to the common adjacent to the park wall of Belmont — they fired together at the dropping of a handkerchief by one of the men. Mrs. Saville's brother was shot dead upon the spot, and my father was mortally wounded. He lived through the day and a considerable part of the night — long enough to make his confessions to my mother, and to give her more pain than he had ever done before, by wishing at the moment she was about to lose him, that he had never given her any cause of pain.

The tragedy ended not here — Saville, though not so fiery as the unfortunate soldier, could not in the trials he was now put to keep possession of himself. His wife had retired to her room — he was not sorry for it — he wished for the moment to avoid her. Wishing also to avoid himself he went in quest of the Colonel, whom he expected to find in his chamber: not succeeding there he sought him in other parts of the house and learned that he and his man had been

gone from Grove Park nearly two hours: the motive instantly flashed upon his mind — he hastened again to his friend's chamber to ascertain if he had carried arms with him; his pistols were not in their place, nor to be found. He could no longer command himself — he rushed into his wife's room, told her what he had seen, what all the world said, and, forgetting himself in his agitation, informed her of his suspicions respecting her brother's absence. In his first transports of agony she made some efforts to appease him, but the information of the Colonel's danger was a flash of forked lightning. She fell deprived of her senses, and was only recalled to them by the appalling sounds echoed from mouth to mouth among the attendants — "the Colonel is killed — the Colonel is dead — the Colonel is shot." Poor lady! she never recovered this; nor her reputation among the revellers of the Vortex. She continued to breathe a few years and died abroad.

Though calumny never gives up the prey upon which it has once inflicted its

fang, Mrs. Saville's innocence on this occasion was completely proved to the wretched husband and all her friends. The letter, which he had seen her put into the hands of Sir Francis, was, after being shown to my mother, given by the latter to his agent to be carried to the former. It was one worthy of the *real Penelope*; it regretted that she had so ill distinguished between the marks of gratitude and dishonour as to induce the friend of her husband to harbour a thought so unmerited by him and so mortifying and disgraceful to herself as it was but too apparent he entertained.— She acknowledged the obligations they were under, and she conjured him by the honourable tie of those obligations to desist from a conduct which could not but be injurious to her reputation, and to the peace of his friend. This was a style, and done in a manner to convince any man that the lady had not been long enough married to be tired of her husband —my father *was* convinced and, but for a hasty temper on the one side and pride on the other, no blood need have been

shed — but the decrees of the Fates are absolute even against Jupiter himself; so came it that the inheritance of considerable estates fell to my lot while I was yet a child, and that poor Saville was completely ousted from a comfortable one in the prime of his life — so comes it that life itself is the hodge-podge that it is, so highly seasoned with those pungent spices called the Passions.

My mother, one of the best of women, had in her composition a vindictive spice — I learned from herself that she was passionately attached to my father, that she suffered extremely from his gallantries, but that the loss of him had driven her to distraction. — She vowed vengeance on Saville, and she kept her word. — She determined to enforce payment of the heavy bonds against him. It being difficult to discharge them he took the resolution of going abroad, and having an opportunity of passing through France he settled in Italy. Time, that is, the small portion of it she was fated to survive, did not assuage the violence of my mother's distempered passion, —

and previous to her death, which took place about the time I left Eton, she had urged the representatives of Sir Francis to proceed to a foreclosure of the mortgage on Grove Park, which was added, harshly enough, but not unfairly, to the property of a being not half so deserving of it as he from whom it passed: but that is neither here nor there, it is only one of the features of that jumble of existence called society.

I do not exactly know how it happened that Mrs. Saville's relations, who were wealthy did not interpose to keep that estate in their family — they might perhaps have acted from a detestation of the vicinity of Belmont, or, which I think was the fact, the foreclosure might have taken place during your friend Godfrey's minority. Be this as it may, it reduced Saville to a diet of grapes and macaroni, which by the way is after all the wisest mode of feeding, since feed we must, and all that a man, who prefers his mental faculties to the grossness of a voracious maw, a clear head to a stuffed skin, would wish for — I detest your human vultures

— But Saville is a refined man; and of course wants money for other purposes than eating and drinking. I never now go to Grove Park without having my mind harassed with the thought of his being deprived of it, especially in the hurried and revengeful way in which it was done. I look at his bonds too with renewed disgust at my species, to conceive the malice of this little brute, endowed with a diabolical ingenuity to give to such a flimsy material as paper the power of iron bars; and, vexed to think that they had kept, and perhaps did still keep, a worthier man than myself out of his country, I had nearly, in a fit of self-execration, thrown them into the fire last spring, upon an application made by an agent of Mr. Godfrey's respecting a liquidation of them.

I know better than you in what light Godfrey holds me. I haughtily refused all communication with his agent. The unexpected stir on the subject naturally led me to imagine that Saville was coming back to England; I inquired

and found it to be so. It is perfectly clear to me that Mr. Godfrey means to take up these bonds — and now, be it known unto you, I do not mean that he shall. I have ascertained that Saville is on his way to England, and is probably at Paris at this moment. I have a plan, which you will call romantic, but it is no such thing, of re-instating him in Grove Park — You shall hear the particulars by and by — Should he arrive in England in the meantime, it is ten to one but the *ginger* of the manly character would spoil my plan — They would insist and I should scorn — I feel the greatest desire to be beforehand with Godfrey, and I hope to be in Paris sooner than Saville. You have now enough to enlighten your conception of the whole design, and you know me enough to need no request to keep all that I have said upon it to yourself.

Aaron, whom I take over with me in preference to my man Morris, because he talks French and is not in other respects deficient in travelling abilities,

has just informed me that the packet will not sail till to-morrow morning, which gives me time to reply to your's.

In the first place, after what I have written, you will see that if I had an inclination to cloak my own demerits I might impute some of Godfrey's distaste to me to antiquated domestic grievances — but I have no such inclination. Godfrey shuts his door against me for the same reason that most other regular men do; namely, for my own demerits — yet not exactly that either, but for a character which those have brought upon me, and to which you have much more real pretensions than I. — Mrs. Godfrey's charitable remarks are not decisive of the criterion I proposed, but her reference to her husband is. Vernon! I seriously think you upon a precipice. I would have you ponder well the tragedy I have been relating to you. I am disposed to believe that Godfrey's wife is as much out of your Vortex now as his aunt was out of that which existed in her day. You know I am not a preacher, but not inheriting the vindictive spirit from my

mother, I excuse you the grudge you owe Godfrey on my account. I am not advocating constancy — I am anxious that you should continue a votary of Thalia, and have nothing to do with her sister of the bowl, and the *bullet*; and all I say is, keep within your Vortex.

Your character of Rufus made me laugh aloud, though by myself. I think I see him with his white and red, a mould of blanc-mange garnished with orange-peel — with his sanctified leer and seraphic transfusions! He is just the thing to give zest to your humour — keep him up, I beseech you; and let me have him as a provocative, which I feel I stand in need of: but if you turn him into any thing but ridicule, you, more than he, will provoke my laugh.

And why not tired of life at five-and-twenty? What is there in it after that which can make a man desire to go on crawling over the surface of this earth? Where are the delights you talk of fit for any but children? The classical stores of the memory, without which men are clods, afford some transient gleams

of what mankind might have been made, but double the disgust at what they are. Imagination is a horrid gulf that leads to madness — as for love, that is over when one comes of age: beauty consequently soon becomes insipid, and my fortune is so luxuriantly extensive that I don't know what to do with the tenth part of it. Your Vortex might procrastinate the *tædium* a year or two, if imbecility of intellect was not a prominent part of the character of its females. Your waltzing simile is very characteristic of your explained system, for though a very slippery rotatory movement, but few are *seen* to fall, and an erect posture sets all to rights again. As for your Astronomy, I fear you are out — at least you did not mean the simile to be so complete, for you know Ptolemy's proved to be a *false* system.

Talking of your Vortex, I must before I conclude tell you that in the last week of my stay at Bramblebear Hall *I began* (only began, mind) to think Lady Betty one of the system — but it is too late to say more at present — I must go to sleep

that I may wake again — "How happy they who wake no more!" The only just line, if I recollect, in that most elaborate collection of Poetical Sermons, the Night Thoughts. — You shall hear from Paris — I mean to go to the hotel where we lodged last year — direct there.

Ever your's,

F. Darrell.

LETTER IX.

George Godfrey to Gilbert Saville, Esq.

MY DEAR UNCLE, Woodlee, Aug. 1816

YOUR letters from Milan and Geneva have both reached me — that from Geneva affected us extremely — Caroline cried over it with an emotion which made me feel it doubly. In my letter pressing your return to England I expressed feelings of a different kind — gratitude and lively affection accompanied my recollections, which dwelled on those happy days I had spent in the bosom of my more than mother, whose love had never allowed me to know the heavy loss of my own — The nature of that loss I felt only when the dreadful circumstances you allude to separated me from my aunt. The vivid colours in which you paint the consummation of your own loss

created feelings nearly as painful, and neither Caroline nor I were able to recover sufficient ease through the whole of yesterday to enjoy the certainty we now have of embracing you and our dear Augusta in the course of a short time. To-day the thought of this has given us an uncommon degree of spirits, and, being the foreign post-day, I have resolved not to delay replying at least to some parts of your letter, on points which I wish you to be acquainted with as soon as possible.

By your not noticing the information I gave you respecting the bonds in the possession of Sir Francis Darrell it is evident that my letter on that occasion has miscarried; I shall therefore briefly repeat it.—In conjuring you to return to England, I previously determined to remove these — I will not say impediments, but—unpleasant circumstances. This determination indeed was but a renewal of one formed four years ago at the time of the holder of the bonds coming of age, but he left the country suddenly, and I dropped my intention for a time, still

meaning to take the first convenient opportunity of discharging them.

Of young Darrell you probably know little or nothing, and it is not to be wished that you should know any more: but it will be impossible for you not to hear a great deal of him in this country. He is said to possess great natural endowments, yet to be unsocial in his habits, and from all I have heard of him I take him to be an inconsistent character — That is not the worst — he is generally considered as an abandoned and vicious youth, and there are tales told of him too shocking to relate. I have met with him several times: but we are not on terms even of acquaintance — He is courted by the gay whom he treats with indifference if not with contempt — the thinking part of the world keep him off, and these he treats with pride. I do not believe he deserves all that is said against him, but enough to make me decline an intimacy.

Instead of waiting upon him myself on the business of the bonds I sent my agent to him. He asked if I was in town

and being informed that I was, he immediately said: "Sir, you will find my solicitor the proper person to transact this business with"—and telling his name and the situation of his chambers, he directed the application to be made to him. On this being done, my agent was told that Sir Francis had the bonds in his own possession, and had left instructions to say that he was in no haste to have them liquidated. I renewed the application myself and learned that he had left London.

There is something extraordinary in this conduct—I believe it is a part of his character to do things in an extraordinary way—but whatever be his humour it is happily of little importance in the present case. At a former period I might have been obliged to propose a gradual liquidation—I am now prepared for a complete settlement with him, and it is therefore out of his power to molest you; even if he contemplated abiding by the passionate instructions of his mother, who it appears was not satisfied with the wresting of Grove Park out of your

hands, but intended to have put the bonds into suit. But I do not think this temper among the vices of Darrell's heart: he is spoken of for generosity, which he is said to carry so far, that even those who condemn his want of principles are led to feel interested for him, and to wish him altered.

When I think of Grove Park I sometimes wish I had been of age at the time of the foreclosure of the mortgage on it, that the sale might have been prevented, because I know how attached you were to it; indeed how attached I was to it myself: but, on the other hand, the painful events which had occurred in that neighbourhood had made my father indifferent as to its fate; and though I wished otherwise, I heard of the disposal of it with the less regret. Wishing now is in vain, or I would again wish it could be still your's and my Augusta's. As it cannot be, Caroline, I hope that you will find Woodlee comfortable, and not unlike Grove Park.

In the letter that miscarried I told you of the great disappointment it was to Caroline

and me to be obliged to give up the pleasure of going to Paris to meet you. — Some important arrangements which I am engaged in respecting Manor House, and which I have not time to repeat at present are peremptory causes of my stay in England this autumn. I hoped to have managed to remain at Woodlee till your arrival, but as I see by your letters that there must be an interval of some weeks, that is not in my power. I am going almost immediately into Herefordshire and will be back in time to meet you at Southampton; but at all events Caroline will wait here for your movements. Caroline's person you will of course not know; I believe she was not nine years old when you saw her last; but you will know her heart the moment you see her, it is on her countenance; and you will not be the less pleased with it, on finding in her lap a face very like her own on the shoulders of a bouncing girl with the same name.

I have not time to enter upon the general topics of your letters, but we shall

have many opportunities of conversing upon them. Adieu!

Your ever affectionate

GEORGE GODFREY.

P. S. I direct this to Paris, where I fear it will not arrive in time to meet you on your arrival there.

LETTER X.

Mr. Saville to Mr. Godfrey.

Paris....

MY DEAR GEORGE,

We arrived here yesterday. — I believe I was a little unreasonable, as we approached Paris, in fancying that I should find a letter from you, as you can hardly have received mine from Geneva. I have no doubt I shall receive your answer in a few days, if, what would be indeed a delight, we are not surprised by yourself and Caroline, whom you should bring to see this brilliant capital — not that I would consent to think that allurement even thrown into the scale, should it prove possible for you to accelerate our meeting. But I will not let "the fairy promiser of joy" make me so confident as to neglect writing to you on our arrival here, as I shall not

move till I either see or hear from you; — yet I am so certain of one or the other in a few days, that I will not dispatch this till the beginning of the next week, when I may be able to give you precise information of the day of our departure.

We spent the time very agreeably at Geneva. The mountain scenery and the diversified sublimity of the objects, with the beauties of the shores of the Lake, excited enthusiastic feelings in Augusta, who would not be dissuaded from accompanying me with a party of gentlemen to visit the valley of Chamounix. I more than once repented consenting to take her; but, as she got at last well over the fatigue and without accident, I was extremely glad I did, as the fatigue was amply repaid by the sight of some of the sublimest scenes in Nature, the admiration of which was increased by adventitious beauties that seemed the effects of fanciful operations in the atmosphere. We were at one time, when ascending the Montarveet to view the *mer de glace*, enveloped in

clouds, which the sun dispersed in so singular a manner, that it appeared the work of some fairy hand employed for our pleasure in rolling back these volumes gradually on each side, to display to our view the richly cultivated plains of the Chamounix below, with the windings of the Arve through them; other glaciers extending themselves into the midst of corn-fields, the surrounding mountains covered with forests of pine, and, as the clouds opened horizontally and melted completely away, the snow-capped summits, with their craggy *Aiguilles* of granite issuing from them, were seen like transparencies on the deep-blue sky.

These stupendous views mock description, and I shall only make one observation, which is, that when we were on the immense glaciers of the *mer de glace* it gave me the idea of a tremendous sea suddenly frozen in the height of a storm; an idea which I have since found had before struck one of our most intelligent travellers in this

part of Europe *, with whose writings you are no doubt well acquainted, and to which I refer you for an interesting account of these scenes. I am so strongly impressed with those of Chamounix that I could not resist mentioning them, especially so heightened by accidental circumstances.

At Geneva I fell in with Mr. Falstaff, with whom I had made an acquaintance the year before at Florence. I offered to accommodate him with the vacant seat in our carriage, and he has travelled with us all the way to Paris. Nothing particular occurred on the road, but I feel inclined to give you an account of a short conversation which passed with a French traveller as we were ascending a steep hill on leaving Dijon. It was a delightful morning; the sun had just risen and cast a soft radiance over the beautiful landscapes of Burgundy, the Cote d'Or presenting, as we travelled, on the one hand, hills luxuriously covered with vines teeming with ripe grapes ready for the vintage; on the other hand, a

* Coxe.

large extent of level grounds as luxuriously covered with corn waiting for the sickle.

The rapid ascent of the road to which we had come induced us to ease the horses by walking up it. The same motive had made a French gentleman quit his cabriolet at the same spot. He bowed to us; on which I accosted him, and expressed my pleasure at the general appearance of the country. I observed that where I had travelled in France no land appeared to be left waste, and that there was a visible improvement throughout the kingdom since the Revolution.

"Do you ascribe this," said I, "to the spirit of Bonaparte's government?"

He replied—"You are in a highly cultivated part of France: in all the other departments, however, agriculture has made a rapid progress: but I cannot say that it is owing to the spirit of Napoleon's government, which was principally a military one; and to make husbandmen soldiers is not the way to improve the earth: fields of corn and fields of glory require very different processes."

"Yet," said I, "it must be owned, that in the midst of unceasing wars, and in spite of the depopulation of the lands, the country is wonderfully improved."

"There appear to me," he replied, "two prominent causes for it: first, the increase of knowledge, which, during the last century, had been gradually spreading over every part of Europe, and which was among the things that the Revolution could not destroy: secondly, the Revolution itself, among the evils of which some good has sprung, and the independence of the small farmer is not the least. But this is not owing to Napoleon, whose system was not that of independence of any kind. It originated in the first confusion of the application of the new philosophy, and if any thing could atone for its subsequent horrors, it is this. No, Sir, Bonaparte has no right to the credit of it; and as little can it be ascribed to the rash leaders and actors in the scenes of the last eight-and-twenty years: their objects were an overthrow and a scramble."

"It can only be ascribed," said I, "to HIM whose grand and peculiar system is to produce good out of evil, and whose power is adequate to his system." —

"No, Sir," — cried the patriot, too deeply absorbed in his own view of the subject to be aware of the extent of my remark and his negative, — "no such thing. We must look for the cause in the national elasticity — the French, if not oppressed as they were in the feudal times, are equal to any thing — they make as good farmers as soldiers — they are the best cultivators in the world, not excepting the English themselves."

I smiled, but not a smile of derision. Monsieur had already made the merit of his countrymen independent of the Deity, and I could not be surprised at his elevation of them above mankind. Besides his mode of not excepting my countrymen implied that he allowed them the second place in the scale; and what greater compliment could I expect? Nor did I think the worse of him for it. I did not even contend the point of precedence in farming,

contenting myself with saying, that there were some good judges who thought Norfolk farmers unrivalled. He repeated the word, "Norfolk!" and considered a moment. He was one of those reasoners, to be found in all countries as well as France, who scorn to ask for information, and whose geography would lead them from London to Dublin all the way by land. He had never heard of Norfolk, but he had read of China.

"The Chinese," he said, "I know are great cultivators, but they have a soil and a climate that do all the work for them; they have only to scratch the ground and scatter the seed."

"My good Sir," cried I, "the Norfolk farmers have no such aids." —

"*Oh! que si*," replied he, "the tillage is so very easy that even the emperor amuses himself with it." —

"That may be," said I — I was wicked enough to let him go on in the midst of his demi-recollections — "but you may depend upon it that there is a great deal of poor land in Norfolk, and at times a damp and chilly atmosphere, on account

of which the utmost skill and labour are requisite to fertilize the earth."

"I can take upon me," replied he, "to assure you that you are very much mistaken, that the sky is serene, and that the soil produces almost spontaneously." — I told him I wished he could prove that to my Norfolk friends. — "*Vous avez été là-bas, donc?* You have been there then? In that case you must know better than I; that is, you must know that I am right."— I should not easily convince you that you are wrong, *thought* I, but I did not say it. He pondered a little on the difference between actual experience and second-hand knowledge, but abated not a jot of the point in question, saying as he put his foot on the step of his cabriolet and wished us a good day — "*Bon jour, bon voyage;* but be assured that there is more energy in France than in all the other countries of the world put together."

Having given you this little trait of patriotism, I must add Mr. Falstaff's remarks upon it. He had heard our dialogue without taking a share in it, ex-

cept by the partly arch partly contemptuous smile at the making Old England second to any country in any point whatever. I must tell you that Falstaff is a clever man, but he has his prejudices, patriotic and political, as strong as any man on either side the channel. He is greatly addicted to theatricals, and a thorough Shakspearean: violent in the moment of argument; but that over, he is in act the mildest and most yielding creature in the world. The opinion of a single man, accidentally met on the road, drew forth from him a lash upon general character.

"The vivacity of the French intellect," said he, "frequently gives an impulse to talk, which bowls it considerably beyond the point of fact. With a great deal of real information the French mix a large quantum of imaginary knowledge, acquired by inspiration or some such way, which they will deal out rather than appear ignorant of any thing, and for the reality of which they will warmly argue rather than receive instruction from another."

I observed that this might be applied to individuals of other countries as well as of France. Without noticing the interruption, he proceeded:

"And in their arguments their conclusions are not rarely unconnected with their premises. The show of reasoning gratifies as much as the deductions that produce demonstration. The fact is, that debate is become *un premier besoin* since the Revolution: before that, love, sentiment and bagatelle afforded the tongue its principal springs of motion, and fast enough of all conscience did it go: but the Revolution diffused generally the pretensions to logical perspicuity formerly confined to the philosophers; every *garçon du Café*, every *décroteur* learned to argue from their deputies, and became so many Dracos and Aristotles, legislators and logicians, and every topic became a theme. Even Love, Sentiment, and Bagatelle felt the powerful influence of the expansion of the reasoning faculty. Love argued that marriage was unnatural when passion ceased to be mutual, and logically obtained the law of

divorce: Sentiment was reasoned into the denunciation and sacrifice of all natural ties — into boasting of base birth: and Bagatelle found logical gaiety in singing at murders, and dancing at balls *à la victime.*"

Here I stopped him and said: "Remember that at that time all the channels of order were turned, and confusion let in as a deluge upon the land. No wonder, as the revolutionary waters assuage, if we see some antic forms resulting from the concussion of the waves: but the deluge is abated, and with the return of amiable manners Reason establishes her just empire. Even my China friend has a great deal of good sense and good humour, and if a patriotic ardour spurs him into a little bouncing, it is not for Englishmen to decry the principle. Pray let the French then be good farmers as well as good soldiers."

"But pray," exclaimed Falstaff, "let us laugh at the bounce; and 'tis no mere revolutionary quality, let me tell you. Do you remember the Dauphin's horse at the battle of Agincourt?" — Here he

fired off one of his Shakspearean charges.— — "I will not, cries the Dauphin, change my horse with any that treads on four pasterns: *ça ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs: *le cheval volant*, the pegasus *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes."

I laughed:— he continued — "A beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse, and all other jades you may call beasts.—— What think you of the Dauphin's horse?" Taking his cue, I answered, "as of the prince of palfreys." — "This *cheval volant*," said he "has always been, and still is, the hobby of the French."

I did not check Falstaff's humour by any serious remarks; but to you, my dear George, I will observe that national vanity is an excusable, perhaps a lauda-

ble passion, and merits nothing of the contempt due to the overweaning estimation of personal qualities. Individuals of every country should judge by their own feelings, and never take offence at it. John Bull is not without his share of it; and I cannot myself help thinking that England is the first country in the world: — I am sure Falstaff does; so we are more than quits with the French traveller on the score of patriotism.

* * * * * * * * *

In Continuation.

Thursday —

YESTERDAY, my dear George, was spent by my Augusta in rest to recover from her fatigue, and in writing to her friend Angelica Pisani. I followed her example, and my letter, you see, is already a volume.

This morning I called on Count de B. but did not find him at home. I am sure he will hasten here as soon as he re-

ceives my card. He is a noble being. During the reign of Napoleon, the candour and temperance with which he always spoke his sentiments, and the disdain and abhorrence which he manifested at every kind of *espionage* and treachery not only removed all suspicion from his character, but gained him the esteem and favour of the government. He was not the less attached to the family of his unfortunate sovereign, because, seeing no term to the usurpation that existed, he had preferred passing his life in his own country to remaining an exile; nor was that attachment lessened by his not entering into secret enterprises against the sovereign *de facto.*

When the series of events dislodged that ruler from the throne, De B. rejoiced in the event, and being known to have shown a sincere affection for the restored monarch, he was received at once into favour. During the *cent jours* he followed the retiring court to the Netherlands. The motive which had actuated him to return to France in 1801 did not now

exist; the Revolution did not appear to be at an end; the usurpation was no longer admitted as permanent. It was necessary to take a side, and Count de B. hesitated not a moment in taking that which had been always his; he remained with his king without relinquishing the hope of returning to his country. He is a man of talents, and is spoken of for the peerage. So I heard from Penevaux this morning at his *comptoir*, where I likewise called. He told me also that he was to be at a ball which the House gives next Sunday evening, to which he invited me to bring Augusta, on whom Madame Penevaux will previously call. He informed me at the same time that it was a very general invitation, as a formal attention to all those with whom their extended correspondence brought them acquainted, and that consequently it would be a very mixed assembly, but that many of his particular friends would be present, in expectation of amusement in an assemblage of persons, from every country, whom connection, curiosity, pleasure or chance

had brought to Paris. — I am interrupted. — It must be the Count de B. ——

* * * * * * * *

In Continuation.

My head is all confusion, George — I know not where I am — I cannot collect my thoughts with sufficient regularity to express them — I have heard of wonders, I have seen extraordinary things; but the most unaccountable that I have ever met with in life has just taken place — I will endeavour to relate it to you circumstantially. — I laid down my pen and went from this closet into the adjoining room, persuaded that I was going to shake hands with the Count de B. — On entering I found myself alone with a perfect stranger, and whom I could not but know to be an Englishman. He slightly bowed. I was much struck with his figure — there was something noble in his look — his eye varied as if from emotion — it seemed to beam from under a dark-bent brow as if it would pierce me

through, and then softening, and accompanied with a mild smile, it looked as if preparing to conciliate me to the granting of some favour. It prepossessed me extremely.

On my asking his business, he betrayed a degree of hesitation, and, before he replied, again assumed his piercing look — then said in a voice soft and pleasing, " Mr. Saville, I am come to you on business of such delicate nature that I am at a loss how to enter upon it, or even to mention the name of the person whose commission I have to execute."

I said it must be a mistake, for that I had no extraordinary business to transact with any man, and that there was no name which he might not pronounce without the least hesitation.

He put on his mild look and smile, and replied: " I wish with all my heart it may be so!" He said this with such warmth, and in so melodious a tone, that I really felt myself affected by his look and manner. " I detest mystery too much," continued he, "to practise it, and for fear of appearing mysterious to you, I will at once tell you

that the business I come upon is one between you and my friend Darrell." He looked steadfastly at me — I betrayed no emotion — indeed I felt none, but that of surprise.

Fifteen years ago the name of Darrell would have affected me. Time and Augusta have dissipated the pangs of sorrow, and reflection has convinced me that if I had had some cause of complaint against the late Sir Francis for not making an exception in his pursuits in my favour, I had no well grounded cause of endless, or of any, animosity. He had not been able to engage the affections of her whom I loved, and in the hour of his death he had hastened to wipe away the stain of calumny: — he had indeed caused the loss of a beloved friend, but it had been provoked and it had cost him his own life. — I might shudder at the recollection of the dreadful events, but the hatred which arose out of them was due to myself, and I have paid it, George. Sir Francis had been materially my friend — he was that mistaken, that obnoxious character, a man of plea-

sure, but he had been stopped short in his career. I have thought the subject over and over again, too often to be affected by the name of Darrell, and not to have thrown the blame on the right person, — myself. Had I spoken to Augusta herself, and not her brother — there indeed I shudder, and I must avoid the thought, or time and my child will have worked for me in vain. — But to return from a digression which but too naturally suggested itself.

"The name of Darrell does not startle me," said I, "nor am I altogether unprepared for hearing something of the present Sir Francis Darrell, though I own it is a little sudden at a moment when, after an absence of fifteen years, I have scarcely got out of my carriage on my arrival at Paris."

"I hope, Sir," said he, "that what I have to communicate will make some atonement for the abruptness of this visit. The present Sir Francis Darrell, with a thousand faults, and a thousand more imputed to him, has a peculiar mode of thinking in respect to matters of business,

which he hopes you will think not among his faults,—or vices, for that I believe is the term used among the virtuous members of society."

"I am not at all acquainted with your friend, or his character:—I have lived in exile these sixteen years, and he was a child when I left England;—but I know that he is in possession of an estate that was once mine, and also of bonds of mine to his father to the amount of fifteen thousand pounds."

The young stranger's countenance underwent several changes as I spoke. At first his pliant dark eye-brows nearly met in front, but they almost as soon separated, and settled into calm attention.

"As to acquaintance with him, Sir," he said, "you will have no loss on that score if you are never better acquainted with him; but this I can assure you, that it is his desire to give you an opportunity of repairing all such losses as are not yet beyond the influence of worldly circumstances. He has thought much and with great pain on the manner of his becoming master of Grove Park, and if

some mode could be adopted, not derogatory to your feelings, of effecting its return to its proper master, it would be a matter of real satisfaction to him."

"Sir," said I, "this conversation does greatly surprise me. I know nothing of Sir Francis Darrell; and, whatever remnant of attachment may exist in my bosom for a place which for some generations had belonged to my family, it cannot but be knownto Sir Francis, that I have not the means to accept of the opportunity you tell me he would readily afford me of retrieving my affairs. Is he in Paris?"

"He is."

"Then, Sir, do me the favor to tell him with my compliments, that I respect his motives, but that the hope of repossessing Grove Park has not ever moved my heart, nor the thought of it entered my head since the sale of it; — that as to the bonds in his hands I have frequently thought of them, and that he shall hear from me upon that subject."

"Those bonds," he replied, "are no longer — but, Mr. Saville, before I pro-

ceed, I must remind you that I stated the business I came upon as rather delicate, and also that Sir Francis had peculiar modes of thinking on matters of business: —it is not his meaning to confer obligation by what he has done, as you will find, if you will consent to favor him with a discussion on a proposal he wishes to make to you—and I may therefore now say that those bonds are no longer in existence."

"Not in existence!"

"Here are the skeletons of them which I am to deliver into your hands."

He took the papers out of his pocket and presented them—I was confounded, and hardly knew how to act.

"Pray take them," said he, "and commission me to appoint an interview of explanation." He again advanced them with a peculiar smile.—I told him that I could not possibly take the bonds.—"It is of little importance," said he, "for the seals are torn off." I saw that it was so.

"But this is very extraordinary," cried I, with some degree of agitation—"I don't understand—I do

not know what to make of Sir Francis Darrell at all."

"Sir," said the young man, half laughing, "few do, and therefore most have agreed to make a devil of him; but I can assure you that in this instance at least he has nothing of a diabolical nature in view; — I entreat you to take possession of these papers, and name a day for Sir Francis to wait upon you."

I never in my life was so much taken by surprise — he was so earnest, and his smile so persuasive, that I consented to keep the torn bonds till I saw Sir Francis, and I proposed to call upon him immediately.

"He is not at his hotel just now," said his friend.

"Then to-morrow?" said I.

"To-morrow and Saturday," he replied, "he is engaged to be at St. Germain and Versailles — Will you allow me to name Monday for him at twelve o'clock?"

I assented, and in my agitation omitted to ask a direction, or the name of Sir Francis's friend, who took his leave with a look of satisfaction that added a new

grace to his manner. There is something extremely elegant and engaging in him.

As to his friend, I own my thoughts are quite bewildered: — This unexpected and sudden meeting in Paris, the unaccountable cancelling of my bonds, the manner in which this young man talked of him — It is all confusion in my brain — Then the hint of recovering Grove Park — What can it mean? A trick it cannot be, for the seals are torn from the bonds — But Grove Park? — I wish I had heard something of young Darrell, or that you were with me — Can his friend's remark as to the opinion of many concerning him have any allusion to the state of his brain? Heaven forbid! But whatever it is, or whatever he be, I must have patience for the visit on Monday, which will explain and give me more insight into his character.

No letter from you yet — I will detain this no longer — It will make you certain that I am here.

Ever yours,

Gilbert Saville.

LETTER XI.

Mr. Saville to Mr. Godfrey.

Monday night.

I HAVE received yours of the —— : it was delivered about an hour after my interview with young Darrell this morning. I was taking up the pen to write to you, my mind being full of the occurrences which had intervened since I laid it down. My imagination had already coloured the style of my letter, when your's was put into my hand, and which, while it delighted me, gave me a shock that threw all my feelings, and all the ideas that had arranged themselves for my paper, into an unconnected medley which I did not attempt at the moment to reduce into order, and I delayed writing till I retired to my chamber for the night.

I hardly know how to begin now, but, desirous that you should know what I felt as well as what passed, I will endeavour at present to return to the train of thought which I was going to trace when the perusal of your's overturned it — I wish I could forget the contents of it for an hour.

Soon after the conversation which I have detailed to you, the Count de B—— came in, and staid with us* the greater part of the morning; in the course of which Augusta received a visit from Madame Penevaux, who renewed the invitation to the ball which the Count de B. backed with his hopes that he should meet us there. Madame Penevaux repeated her husband's observation to me respecting the mixture of the company. — "Many" said she, "will be there whom I hardly know — I hope to see Miss Saville in more select *re-unions* when I may be able to pay her greater attention, but it will amuse her to see the dresses and manners of different nations." Augusta was delighted at the thought, and we engaged to attend.

A capital like Paris naturally calls forth all our curiosity, and at this time it is peculiarly interesting, but I shall not dwell on these subjects now. In company with De B. we spent Friday and Saturday in devotion to the public attractions; and in the evening appointed we went to Penevaux's. His rooms are spacious and elegant, and in the course of the night became crowded; I shall not undertake, like a delighted boy, to give you a minute description of this magnificent entertainment; you must have seen, though twenty years younger than myself, enough of the superb, the elegant, and the beautiful of such parties, to imagine the different combinations of art and taste in these displays, and in truth I have only brought you into this assembly for particular purposes, to the chief of which I shall now hurry you.

While we were paying our compliments to the Lady of the Feast, I observed Falstaff retiring from the circle conversing with the youth who had been with me on Thursday. He was rather

plainly dressed for such an occasion, but sufficiently distinguished to bespeak him a man of fashion. Falstaff recognised me with a smile and a motion of the head, but he, though he looked at me, showed no sign of knowing me. The prepossesion I had felt in his favour was not diminished by his present appearance, and I resolved on making Falstaff introduce me to him as soon as I disengaged myself from the ceremony that occupied me. It was some time before I could do this, as the Count de B. took the same opportunity to introduce us to a party of friends with whom he wished to fix Augusta for the evening. — And here, George, I can hardly refrain from breaking forth into a rapturous description of your god-daughter, whose expressive countenance, whose ease and unaffected grace of person seemed (nay were to my eyes; "they knew not seems,") to place her in the eyes of all at the very summit of the beauty collected this night. Her dress was of her own arrangement, not new, it was Florentine made, but of no particular costume,

it shared the French and Italian taste, which indeed is formed on the former. Its chief excellence was, that it became the wearer, and produced an admiration which I could not mistake, and at which I could not but be delighted — how dilatable is the heart of a father! She looked like an angel, and of the qualities we annex to those seraphic existences, the most obvious was that of innocence in union with good sense. — But to return —

Leaving my girl with Count de B.'s friends, I went in quest of Falstaff and found him in the next room. He was standing with his companion observing the dancers. On seeing me he quitted him and came forward to me —

"Pray," said I, "tell me who that is I saw you with?"

"You know," replied he, "I live but to obey you — his name is Darrell."

"Darrell!" exclaimed I — "is he related to Sir Francis?"

"It is Sir Francis himself."

I started and mechanically cast my eyes towards him — His were upon us, but averting them the moment he caught

mine, he moved from his position as if to avoid me. "This is something extraordinary," cried I.

In spite of my reason, in spite of what I said in a former part of this letter I experienced an undefinable feeling at finding myself in the same room and within a few steps of the son of a man who had borne so prominent a part in the events of my life, of a son so like his father in the act of generosity I had witnessed within a few days, and whom I was engaged to see the very next day to hear something on the subject of Grove Park, and of whose resemblance to his father in another point, I may now add, I was ignorant. Had I previously received your letter my emotion might have had a different tendency — as it was, it ended in admiration, and a sentiment which was little less than affection. I ascribed his visit in disguise to a sentiment of delicacy, and I thought I saw another proof of this in his shunning of me in a ball-room. On recovering myself, I was sensible that I was far from feeling any repugnance to him, and resolving

to show him that I did not, I requested Falstaff to introduce me to him.

"There," cried he "I fear I am born to disobey you. When you recognised me in the other room, he put some questions to me about you, and I told him something of our *Voyage de Geneve*. Observing you enter this room just now, I asked him if I should make you acquainted, to which he replied, 'no, not to-night.'"

I felt myself that it was as well, and, without imparting to Falstaff what was passing in my mind, I acquiesced as a matter of course.

You do not expect from me, George, the panorama of a ball, though I must say that this presented eccentricities enough to amuse in the description, but I must hasten to matter more important, and I believe I may add more eccentric also — At the ball I will keep you but one moment longer — Augusta was the admiration and delight of the evening.

As the hour appointed this morning for the interview with Darrell approached, I felt a considerable degree of agita-

tion, but of this there was little owing to painful recollections, which have been yielding for some years to the more pleasing associations of the mind. — Before I left Signa, though I felt a gratification at the tomb of my Augusta, I had ceased to weep there, and in sight of it loved to enjoy conversations with my child on the happy youth and amiable character of her mother. The sad part of her story, though never to be forgotten, gave place to happier thoughts, and I talked of the earlier days of our abode at Grove Park, those days which you remember to have flowed so delightfully. The name and almost the thought of Darrell had long been banished from my mind, nor did I ever in my regrets to Augusta for the loss of Grove Park, accuse him as the cause. His vice was a most pernicious one, and led to crimes at which every man of just feelings must shudder, but never could the want of generosity be imputed to him. Had he lived to see the folly and fruitlessness of his pursuit, which must have been the case, Grove Park would never have changed its master, and by this time even my bonds

might have been discharged by the improvements of that estate.

Such was the train of my reflections this morning as I sat waiting for Darrell: perhaps the turn it had taken was, if not given, at least supported by the impression he had already made both by his manner and his action; at all events it had prepared me to receive him not only without repugnance, but with pleasure.

He did not make me wait long—He now came in with a countenance completely divested of that cast which implied uncertainty as to the propriety or issue of his visit — he did not alternately contract and dilate his expressive brow—he smiled, and, saying that he was aware that he was known to me, he apologised for the liberty he had taken in conversing with me in the character of a third person, and said he hoped that I, had ascribed it to its real cause. I replied that I had, adding that his generous precaution had been unnecessary, and that I should always be happy to see him. As I spoke I put out my hand—I was surprised to see an appearance of the contracted

brow — it was however but slight, and would have passed unnoticed but for the evident backwardness with which he took my hand. He made a kind of angular bow with his head, and allowed me to take hold of his fingers in a right-lined position as if they had no joints.

"I have very unsocial habits," said he, "but I appreciate your compliment, Sir, which you will not probably be ready to renew when you know more of me. I came to talk with you on business."

My ardour was a little repressed by this extraordinary exordium, but he soon removed the awkward feeling it occasioned, by resuming his smile, and opening the business.

"Mr. Saville," said he, "I have already hinted the nature of the proposal I wish to make to you — I do not affect singularity, but I find it sometimes overtakes me without my thinking of it — I have my reasons for acting as I do, and I cannot help it if they are not the reasons of the rest of the world. — What men call society is a sad jumble at best, and one of the most absurd requi-

sites of its pretended constitution is that men must think alike, or rather must all act as if they thought alike: go a little out of the beaten track, and the cry of extraordinary, singular, affectation, like the barking of the shepherd's dog warns you back that you may not get a bite from the teeth of the guardians of propriety and general usage. I know that I am now going out of the beaten track, but I am not to be barked back, and I am grown too tough to be bitten. In requesting you to coincide with my views it is not with an intention to confer an obligation — Obligations in the present state of society are ungracious benefits — If there shall appear any advantage accruing to you, it will be fully balanced by the weight on my side, which indeed will consist in removing a weight that has for some years, as I before hinted to you in our first interview, molested my thoughts. I do not like the manner in which your estate became my property. It is not because we are made to derive existence from certain persons that we are bound to approve of all their actions. It is not my purpose to be irreverent, Sir; I think

we owe our parents nothing on the score of birth; it is a forced if not a malicious gift. Who would accept that could refuse it, if aware of what it was to prove? But we do owe these involuntary agents more or less for their subsequent conduct in attempts to alleviate or enable us to bear the burden."

I was rather astonished at this expression of extraordinary, and certainly not amiable, sentiments, but I did not interrupt him: he continued —

"You are surprised, I see — no wonder, for you are yourself a father, and I have heard a happy one — Far be it from me to cast a reflection on a relation so matured — may it be lasting, but this is not always the case in the world."

I began to be a little hurt, and observed that he could have had no opportunity of judging in his own person, consequently could not speak experimentally.

"I hope I am not rude," said he eagerly, "it is the farthest thing from my intention — I am too apt to be led by circumstances into these out-of-the-way reflections. I did not even mean reproach the memory of my own

progenitors, but these thoughts are certainly not unassociated with the subject of my present visit. I can reckon among my ancestors some of a very noble nature, and whatever may have been said of my father, I am indebted to him for the honourable transmission of their accumulated fortunes: I have heard too that if all the virtues of the species could be shaken together and impartially divided he would have his full share of them."

I could not help laughing, and he smiled. "Your father, Sir," said I, "was one of the most generous men alive."

"I have heard so," replied he, — "and it gives me sincere pleasure to hear that eulogy from the lips of a man, from whom the utmost I expected was a silent condemnation. Had he lived, Sir, I feel assured that you would never have been out of possession of your estate in Northamptonshire. My mother — but I no more mean to cast a slur upon her memory than upon my father's: we are all puppets in the hands of Fate, and the passions are the strings with which we are made to dance about upon

the stage, to run up a mountain or plunge into a horse-pond, to rise or to fall, to laugh or to cry — we can't help ourselves; yet there is an inconsistent propensity attached to us of approving or condemning certain results which we call the actions of individual puppets.— Now, my dear Sir, my mother was certainly jerked into one of those results when the strings shook her so violently into Grove Park. Undue advantages were taken of unhappy circumstances, and my string leads me to disapprove and to counteract the consequences of that action, and till I do it the string will continue in perpetual violent motion."

I laughed again — he smiled again.

"It is even so," he proceeded, "but I beg your pardon, and will resume the language of the world. I am not so disinterested, Mr. Saville, I might have said so selfish, as to wish to fetter you with the chains of a pure obligation. I do not come with the proud intention of insulting you with a gift. I wish you to have your estate again, but I have no romantic scheme of throwing money in-

to the sea like the ancient fool who was overburdened with it — no individual of the tribe of Judah ever pushed a more interested bargain than I purpose — I will have *quid pro quo*, but I will be the gentleman-like and splendidly-disposed Hebrew, and such we have learned by experience there are in our days, who leave your Nazarenes at a distance; — I will be the Shevah of this play, if you will allow me."

The smile I had worn became serious, and I said here: "Sir Francis, I confess that this language is unexpected — I make no boast of religion, but I have never been ashamed of the character of a Christian — besides, is it not something like mockery to talk of re-instatement in a large property on conditions which there are no means of fulfilling?"

His brows met and parted — "Will you pardon me?" said he, with a very engaging look of contrition — "I have no right to talk thus, I am unfit for the society of men so fortunately tempered — I will endeavour to explain myself without offending. I am perfectly convinced

that Grove Park is more than equal to the discharge of every incumbrance upon it, including the amount of the bonds. An unfavourable sale in the first instance, then the expiration of low leases, and the extraordinary improvements which have been made at little or no expence, have stamped a value on the estate which I am certain my father would have scorned to take advantage of; so do I, and I propose to you to re-enter into the possession of it, giving me a security upon it for the payment of all that was strictly due from you, to be liquidated by annual payments; and I have no doubt if you comply with this proposal on my earnest request, that you will, as you ought to be, be master of your estate free from every incumbrance, in the course of six or seven years."

I was more and more surprised and affected as he proceeded, and when he stopped I was perfectly unprepared with an answer. The humour of one part of his speech, the profaneness of his allusion in another, and the grandeur of soul evinced in the action he contemplated

had a confused charm upon my mind. The two former I imputed to the too frequent presumption of youth left early to itself; the latter could only spring from that godlike attribute which we sometimes see elevating and ennobling human nature. I paused — his eyes were fixed upon me — he saw the working of my mind, and in the moment of suspense he put out his hand and seizing mine very differently to the manner he had used before, he pressed it, detained it in his, and with a smile which an angel might wear, with a voice of music he said "Do not refuse me, Mr. Saville, I conjure you not to refuse me."

I really was overcome by his manner — I returned the pressure of his hand, and replied — "What can I say? This is a most unexpected and unheard-of proposal — I should be deficient in common feeling were I insensible of —"

"No praise, I entreat you" — cried he, interrupting me — "I am perhaps the last man in the world you should praise — but do not refuse my request."

"Refuse your request!" said I, "how is

such a request to be refused, or how granted, without reflection? I do not refuse it," continued I, again pressing his hand, to show I felt what I could not speak, "I do not refuse it, but the arrangements must of course take place in England, where I had very different views, and where my determinations must be greatly guided by the situation in which I shall find myself when I arrive there." I was, however, compelled to say that I would not oppose his intentions, but I observed at the same time that the cancelling of the bonds was premature.

"As for those," said he, "the amount will be added to the sum for which Grove Park will be made liable in the new deeds which must be executed on the occasion."

I was just going to express feelings of gratitude and admiration, though I think they would have annoyed him, when Augusta opened the door of the room. As she advanced, I said—"Sir Francis Darrell"—on which he rose contracting his brows, then looked full at her, making a slight bow and walking away to the

window, where I went to him. He never once afterwards turned his eyes towards Augusta, and staid only a few minutes longer, during which he thanked me for the great pleasure I had given him, said he was going shortly to England, and hoped soon after to settle the business completely. I said that if the arrangement he proposed took place we should be neighbours, and I hoped — He did not let me finish the sentence — the vibrating contraction of his brows took place — "I hate Belmont," said he, "I think of selling it." Then with his smile, he added, "Good morrow!" — and left the room without further ceremony.

I know not how to tell you the sensation I felt on his leaving me, nor was Augusta less undetermined what to think when I had told her all that had passed. She had been struck with his appearance at the ball last night, though he had not been introduced to her; and we both concurred in thinking him an unaccountable but noble-minded being. — With these impressions I was about to write to you

when, as I have said, your letter was brought to me. Your account of him has shocked me, and I have dropped the idea of pressing an intimacy which was my first intention, nor will I seek him farther while in Paris than by leaving my card at his hotel.

What I have written will serve as an answer to your's — You find the Bonds are destroyed, and as to the subject of Grove Park, we will converse upon it when we meet — It is late, and I shall conclude, that I may go to bed. In the course of the week I will write to you or to Caroline, and inform you of our day of starting and our route. Adieu!

GILBERT SAVILLE.

LETTER XII.

Sir Francis Darrell to Mr. Vernon.

MY DEAR VERNON,

WHEN we have done all that we have to do, a kind of void follows. This may by some be deemed a tranquil and pleasant intermission of labour: to me it is an intermission of life, and unless my nervous cords are put in motion by something to feed imagination they trouble me with unpleasant catchings. When the beagle, — and I believe also his companion, the huntsman, — has finished his chace, he devours his kit and falls asleep. — Is not this happier than eating half a biscuit, and giving one's self up to the tyranny of a random set of nerves? Any agitation is better than the horror of passive recollections. Having done what I had to do, and avoiding, by choice, the "human face divine" (*read* malign), I

have all day long been subject to my involuntary catchings and starts; I shall, therefore, get rid of them by employing these vacant hours for your amusement, having by chance fallen in with some precious subjects of your Vortex.

Soon after my arrival here I met with our old acquaintance, Falstaff, who, by-the-bye, travelled from Geneva with Mr. Saville, of whom more anon. We met accidentally at Penevaux's last Thursday, and were invited at the same time to a ball that was to be given on Sunday evening. Falstaff said he should like to spend the intervening days in visiting St. Germain en Laye and Versailles. — He pressed me to accompany him, and we made the excursion together. Both of those places, but particularly the latter, are full of English, and I fear many of them do little credit to their country.

I was making this remark to Falstaff as we were walking up one of the streets of Versailles, when my attention was attracted by a figure in deep mourning hobbling in cloth shoes a little before us. His person was slender and had an

air of fashion that lost nothing of its quality by the tender stepping on the stones, enforced by the admonitions of the gout. He turned into a shop as I asked who he was.

"Don't you know him?" said Falstaff—"that's Dick Lovelace in handsome sables for a beloved wife who departed this life about a month ago, as I learned at Penevaux's. He is gone into a mercer's shop, and it would not at all surprise me if it was to anticipate a wedding-suit."

When we came up to the door of the shop I went in, and Falstaff passed on. Lovelace, seated with his back to me, and lolling on the counter, was actually examining some blue and other coloured cloths. I did not disturb him—he took no notice of me, and perhaps had not observed my entrance. He felt, and priced, and praised, saying: "Oui, Monsieur—they are good, and fine, and handsome, but ought I to be thinking of them yet, eh?" This was said in good English, for English is spoken at the shops which the English frequent, but the succeeding question was put in such French as Lovelace was

master of: "Combien de tems, Monsieur, est ce que un mari porte deuil en ce pays?"

The man smiled and replied —"Mais, Monsieur, c'est selon. Si on est connu, c'est a dire si on est du pays, on porte le deuil un certain tems; autrement c'est sèlon." —

"Oui," said the widower, "c'est selon," not troubling himself to think how *selon* might be applied, "et je ne suis pas un habitant de France." —

"That makes a great difference," replied the draper, "how many ells shall I have the honour to cut off."

Lovelace cast his eye round before he answered, and seeing me, said, "Pas encore." He appeared to doubt whether he knew me or not, which my reserve made him solve in the negative. He looked at the cloths, then at the man, then at me, as if supposing ideas on the occasion for each of us. A suffusion, which did not amount to a blush, plainly indicated that he valued the opinion of others more than his own; — he said he would call again, and went out.

I was buying a pair of gloves at an opposite counter of a pretty little bourgeoise, and I said to her that I perceived the gentleman who had just gone away was a countryman of mine, and from his deep mourning, I feared he must be suffering excessive grief.

"Monsieur a perdu son epouse," said she, with an arch elevation of the upper lip — "mais le tems se coule, et on se console."

"It is some time then since his wife died?" —

"Mais, oui —"

"Long?" —

"Pas absolument." —

"Six mois, peut-être?" She perceived I was laughing at her. —

"Perhaps one," said she laughing, "mais Monsieur Lovelace est un brave homme, et on est libre de tenir aux usages de sa nation."

To the customs of one's country! Thus it is, Vernon, that countries are painted and nations estimated! A brainless, heartless, or ridiculous animal sits for the picture, and the malicious painter,

overcharging even that, hangs it up in public as the resemblance of an Englishman. Here are your social attributes for you! The savage eats and drinks and raises his brood like other creatures, and if he attacks his fellow man, it is to make him a useful servant; but your civilized gentry, your educated men, invent a system of social order, by which all the horrid and disgraceful qualities that lurk in their blood are made to germinate, put forth, and flourish. Not content with the arts of war for the game of rapine and murder, the arts of peace are cultivated to mutilate and to mangle truth, to attack the heart, to give "ample room and verge enough" for the exercise of the malignant passions of which the species is composed. Admirable society! But let that pass, and let us go back to the bourgeoise.

"And what is the custom in France?" said I.

"On se console aussi," replied she, treating the matter as a jest.

"But a month?" said I.

"Mais, pleurer un mois, c'est beau-

coup partout; surtout quand on est jeune." —

"Jeune! and where do you limit youth?"

"On me dit," replied she maliciously, "que le pauvre Monsieur Lovelace n'a que cinquante ans."

Here was a *ne* and a *que* with a vengeance for a widower who had been pricing gay garments!

At the end of the street I found Lovelace with Falstaff, who, mentioning my name — "I thought," cried the gouty youth of fifty, "that I had seen you before. Why did'nt you speak? Every body knows Dick Lovelace, eh!" I said it was some time since we met, and his mourning had changed him. "Changed me! Why Falstaff, do I look ill in black? They tell me I look better than I did; yet I hate black, it puts one in mind, eh! But we must all go:

> Omnes eodem cogimur; omnium
> Versatur urna —

Eh! but Sue was a lovely creature, and

I loved her for herself only, and for no vulgar delights, as I told her mother eh, Falstaff? Not that I was insensible of her personal charms,

> Et militavi non sine gloria —

Eh! no matter for that, Fate has snatched her from me, Fate, against which it is vain to struggle. — Those were pleasant times, but let us now think of to-day. — Gentlemen, will you dine with me? I have some excellent Clos Vougeot, and Chateau Margaux of the first quality."

As we lamented the impossibility of accepting his invitation, a coach turned into the square and stopped to let out a smart youth, followed by a dame, perhaps not quite old enough to be his mother, but whose dress was sufficiently under-aged to be that of his wife, while the arrangement of it might bespeak her his mistress.

"*Prô sancte Jupiter!*" cried Lovelace, "that is Mrs. Crawford — I must speak with her; she is to be at Penevaux's ball." —

"Are you to be there?" said I, with the most undiscomposed features ima-

ginable. He replied in the negative; not by uttering the monosyllable, No, but casting a significant look, a kind of mulatto glance, bred between a smile and a tear, on his suit of sables, and, kissing his hand, bowed himself away from us.

Behold one of your Vortex, whom the gout and gambling have combined to sink before his time. I knew personally very little of him, but the ruin of his fortune every one has heard of. Gambling is one of the distinguished features of society. Hurra for society! *Hunc alea decoquit*— I never understood the charm of this grand assembler of the high and the low, the rich and the poor, on any other principle than a system under the joint rule of Momus and Medusa, those real rulers of society. I think the fool that is so made bankrupt merits *decoction* in its literal sense. The lady he ran to, that is *as fast as he could*, Mrs. Crawford, and her gallant, the spruce Capt. Rosette, were also of the Vortex, but here they are going fast down, down, down, unworthy of a single dip of ink, except to tell you that the lady would not go to the ball,

and why? Hear. Returning to our hotel we received an *en passant* kiss of the hand from Lovelace who imparted the important intelligence and the reason — "Some English tabby has put her in mind that it was the Sabbath-day — ha! ha! You won't dine with me then?" To have answered him we must have raised our voices, as he did not stop, and was some way past us. Mrs. Crawford and the Sabbath! At this rate you may look forward, Vernon, to a voluntary termination in some such retreat of conscience as La Trappe.

"We have enough of Dick without his *Clos Vougeot*," said Falstaff, "but if you fancy him, 'you shall nose him,' again to-morrow night at the ball, where in spite of his gesticular negative I have no doubt he will make his second appearance."

We returned together to the hotel where I lodge in Paris: there we found installed a new personage of the *Vortex*, one with whom I am hardly acquainted, but whom I will give you as I had him from Falstaff. — Jack Bullanger, a gay

little figure, became master of a considerable fortune at an early period of his life, which but encreased the lightness of a heart naturally light, and destroyed all the equipoise that a sound heart often gives to a heavy head. Bullanger conceived that fortune and fashion were inseparable; and in his ideas fashion consisted of a commission in one of the regiments in those days constantly stationed near the court, free admission at the opera-house and theatres, blood horses, and a musical wife; all of which his fortune enabled him to accomplish. The last article was accounted a fine woman, and what was vulgarly called a dasher. She was the daughter of a clergyman ambitious of connection, who, not having fortune to settle her among the great, bethought him of supplying its place by the allurements of the senses; and, oh happy father! succeeded in getting her a husband of four thousand pounds a-year. Nor was the husband less happy in possessing a wife, whose person and superior musical powers were universally admired.

After a little while Bullanger began to perceive that admiration was a kind of coin which his wife changed according to the value that her fancy set upon it; that having for some time given small change among her admirers indiscriminately, she at last gave the whole to a handsome young officer in the same regiment with her husband, who was somewhat uneasy at first; but the fashion of the thing reconciled him to it, and he never was miserable till she eloped. Even in that he found some consolation as he flattered himself it was far from being unfashionable. His habits however were crossed, and he would have given half his fortune to have had her back in defiance of the sneers of foolish people. Her retreat which he had long strove to discover, was at length made known to him in a letter from herself, in which she assured him of her attachment, and requested a supply of money. He did not hesitate; he sent her money, wrote her a love letter conjuring her to return to him, and promised never to reproach her. Void of shame, she would gladly have em-

braced this offer, for her *gallant* had forsaken her; —but there was another barrier, sometimes more difficult to surmount even than shame; — she could not part with her infant, one too clearly not her husband's. In reply to his letter she unblushingly imparted the dilemma, which was no sooner known than removed; he received both the mother and the daughter, and was happy. Don't you think he deserved to be so, Vernon? This was not the case with her father — his ambition had distorted his imagination; but he had understanding enough to see that he had made a strumpet of his daughter, and he died of a broken heart.

After some time Mrs. Bullanger, trusting to the silly good nature of her husband left him his adopted daughter to take care of, and set off for another campaign with Captain O'Toandagen, a young artillery-officer going to the Peninsula. Since the peace she has been travelling it seems, and has again had the modesty to write to her husband from Bourdeaux for more money, which he sent, and was come so far on his way to meet her.

The foregoing piece of *Vortical biography* is necessary to the completion of my adventures at the ball, to which we will now proceed. Bullanger, having called at Penevaux's, was invited.

I took up Falstaff in my way. We found a large company already assembled and the dancing begun. I am no dancer, but I used to like to look at good dancing. As we drove to the house I had said to Falstaff that the main spring of dancing, as it was practised, was vanity, — rather than the innate desire of motion, created by music in a state of nature,—and that I doubted whether that was the only passion which the corruptions of society mingled with it. Falstaff, though a man much older than myself, and no stickler for our senseless habits and customs, thought otherwise, and praised it for an agreeable and innocent diversion. With these different notions, we agreed to make our observations during the night. As we walked, we examined, not particularly the grace or agility of the busy pretty feet responding to the sprightly tones of a good band of mu-

sic, but the effects on the countenances of the dancers. There were half-a-dozen sets up at once.

" Who is that very beautiful girl," said I, " in the light blue and white dress dancing so exquisitely?"

" That," said he, " is Signora Saville, my Florentine acquaintance."

Though I had seen Mr. Saville, and had heard from Falstaff of his travelling with him and his daughter, I was not prepared to hear the name annexed to such a blaze of beauty as darted from the person of this girl. It is long since I was so dazzled. I had not time to trace her features in detail: — her eye was cast down while her person was in motion; but when she raised the lid, as she resumed her place on finishing her solo part of the dance, it discovered a dark pupil on a perfectly white ground, yet it was more soft and expressive than brilliant; — it indicated soul rather than vivacity. A deep-brown wave of unequal curls seemed to move across her forehead; her cheeks glowed with red, but on a complexion

suited to her eye; it was clear but not fair; her neck rose from her bust with a distinguishing elegance; her stature, though above the height of her companions in the dance, appeared hardly above the middle size; her hands and feet small, and her arms formed to complete the grace which attended every movement of her person. — If there remained any property yet unperceived, to give the stamp of perfection to her beauty, it received it from the unconscious, unaffected manner with which she removed her eyes when she found me gazing at her. —

"A delightful girl she is," continued Falstaff, "and unrivalled in dancing. Her countenance is animated, but it is a countenance of innocence. From her excelling in the art, a common observer might be led to detect in her eyes some slight degree of vanity, but the propriety and modesty of all her steps evince the contrary. Vanity would impel her to overstep the bounds of domestic dancing to show that she could rival the movements of a Goselin on the stage. — We see nothing of this; she dances with spirit,

because she is fond of dancing, and she dances well, because it is expected of her by her friends. It is evident, however, that she takes more pleasure than pride in it."

I agreed that the love of dancing is, in itself, a passion, especially among the French; they dance for the sake of dancing; the choice of partners being quite secondary. It is not an uncommon thing at their rural assemblées, when a want of partners occurs, to see a set made up entirely of men. I remarked too, as a striking proof of this passion, that the man who was dancing with Miss Saville was infinitely more engaged in the management of his own feet, than in admiring hers, or any other beauty she possesses: on which I observed to Falstaff that I already began to think that it must be, not only a very innocent amusement, but a special preservative of virtue, "for how else," cried I, "could a man dance with such a girl and not forget himself completely?"

"Your servant;" said he, "I did not recommend it as a specific, and I see by your remark that you would not be so innocent a dancer as Miss Saville's partner. — I

adhere to my proposition that it is an innocent amusement. — Even that young lady opposite to her, who emulates the steps of Psyché can scarcely be said to compromise her modesty, for it is obvious that the pleasure of the dance wholly engages her: — but let us on and try."

We passed along from set to set, and noticed a number of fine girls, and good dancers, and I certainly was not successful in looking for the passion of envy, which I had often detected in our English ball-rooms: — but I sometimes pointed out that of vanity, which Falstaff always declared was absorbed by the dancing principle.

At the usual interval of the country dances the by-standers were pressed together into the middle of the room, or kept on their seats near the walls, to form an elliptical alley for the Waltzers. "Attention," — cried I to Falstaff. —

The perfection of waltzing, you, Vernon, well know, depends upon the conjunction of two persons so nicely interlaced by the arms as to form a species of planet whirling by means of a

certain step round its own centre, and at the same time gliding about the ball-room elliptically, typifying at once the diurnal and annual motions.

"Hurra for innocence!" cried I, "here are your dancing principles!" —

"Call it any thing but dancing," said he, "do look at that couple: — the feet never spring from the ground as in a dance, it is nothing but an embrace, and a moving poise. In fact it is the circulation of an indecent posture, in which no woman could consent to stand still for a moment, and the indecency of which cannot be altered by the addition of motion; yet we see *modest ladies* with uncovered bosoms and bare shoulders, whirling round a room full of company with a man in a mixture of limbs, for which, if surprised alone, they would inevitably lose their reputation: yet are their fathers and husbands looking on while their daughters and wives are publicly incurring the contempt and suspicion of every man of reflection." —

"Then," cried I, laughing, "the day is mine."

"There may be balls without waltzes," replied he:—"this is no dancing.—I would venture to bet twenty to one we do not see Augusta Saville among these twirring circulators." He would have won, and I was rather pleased not to see such beauty in so degrading a light.

A promenade followed, during which we strolled into the card-room, where *Ecarté* was the principal attraction, and we were not much surprised to find Lovelace and Bullanger betting on the cards. The two men of fashion had lived on terms of intimacy, and their wives frequented each other's parties, till one of them no longer retained your *Spartan virtue*. Lovelace was showing him some jewels which had been his wife's.—"Poor Sue!" said he, "she set a great value upon this ring—look at these seals—here's a pin worth a hundred guineas—You remember her pearls, Jack, eh? I promised her never to part with them,—no more I will, no, not to any other wife I may marry;—and I may marry again, eh? why not, eh?

I am a young man yet, not much more than forty, Jack — prime of life, eh! — no objection though to the wearing of them in that case, eh! Poor dear Sue is in heaven, and would not be the worse for it, eh!"

Here Bullanger, who had divided his attention between the turn the cards took and Lovelace's dead wife's jewels, exclaimed; "Heaven! How long have you believed there was such a place, Lovelace?"

"Ah! Jack!" replied he with a religious shake of the head, "I never saw any body die before, and I could not help saying my prayers before Sue's aunt, and I repeated aloud, to the surprise of the old lady, the Belief, the Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments, and the Grace of our Lord." —

"The deuce!" cried Bullanger, "all by heart? what a memory you must have! But to say the truth, I am myself a good deal reformed lately in those matters, and go to church now and then in consequence of some of Mrs. B.'s admirable letters which she wrote some years ago

(before she left me the second time!)" — A settlement of the bets was now called for, and Lovelace had about fifty Louis to pay. We escaped as the two Solomons were lightening their pockets.

It was in the second circulation of rotatory bodies, when we were admiring the improved boldness of posture, that a very striking couple, who had entered the room while we were among the card-players, came swimming along in mystic revolution. The man was a stout German officer, whose bristly whiskers had struck terror in the field of battle, and were now carefully cultivated to charm in a ball-room. The lady was comely, but lost some of the height of her person from her head and shoulders being bent considerably backwards in absolute dependence on the strength of her partner's hands. As they approached that part of the orbit where we stood, Falstaff, in spite of the buz of, "C'est la Baronne Barbonfalbac," recognized Bullanger's campaigner, in quest of whom he was on his way to Bourdeaux. He immediately imparted the recognition. I was

standing by a German, whom I maliciously asked if he knew her name.

"Yes," said he, "C'est Madame la Baronne Barbonfalbac." —

"Apparament," said I, "elle est Angloise." —

"Cela sepeut," replied he coolly, "mais elle n'est pas moins Madame Barbonfalbac."

"Vous la connoissez, sans doute?"

"Pardi, cela se peut bien aussi, puisque je suis le Baron Barbonfalbac." I bowed with all due respect asking a thousand pardons. "Pas de quoi," replied he civilly, "'tis very natural question — she waltzes with my dear friend Knocandoff. She is of your country, ish she not very fine vomans?" I found myself involved in a very ticklish conversation, but I could not do less than protest he had proved his taste, which he interpreted in favour of Madame la Baronne's beauty, and accordingly acknowledged the compliment with a leering stare and a grin. I saw Falstaff struggling to stifle a laugh, nor was I easily restrained from one myself.

We were relieved by the Baron's dear

friend Knocandoff making his way through the crowd to inform him that the Baronne found herself indisposed, and had taken a seat at the other end of the room, whither the friends hastened.

"She certainly got a glimpse of me," said Falstaff.

"Her indisposition," said I, "will probably encrease when she gets a glimpse of Bullanger."

"I think, replied he, "she would rather see him than me."

The scene would be curious, and we determined to see it. As the waltzing finished, we observed Bullanger and Lovelace mixing in the general promenade that followed. We kept them in view, and saw them approach the spot where the lady sat. As soon as he saw her he started and seemed to doubt his eyes.—The Baron was sitting at her side, and Knocandoff was standing before her.

"It must be she," exclaimed he. "I say, Lovelace, is not that Mrs. Bullanger?"

"'Tis a long time since I saw her," replied Lovelace, "but I should think it very likely, eh?—Hah! Monsieur

Knocandoff!" continued he, recognizing the German officer whom he had made an acquaintance with at Versailles, "Voici mon ami qui prend dans son tête qu'il sait le dame avec qui vous parle; voulez-vous le introducer?"

"Volontiers!" replied the German, "Ce Monsieur, comment s'appelle-t-il?

"C'est Jack Bullanger: tout le monde sait Jack."

"Monsieur Jack," said Knocandoff, "connoissez vous Madame ——?"

"Ah! Mr. Bullanger," cried the lady, anticipating the introduction, "I am glad to see you — how long since you left England? Give me leave to present you to Baron Barbonfalbac — Baron, a friend of our poor O'Toanagain."

"C'etoit un brave homme, O'Toanagain," said the Baron, "he break de neck in de Pyrennée. — I very sorry, but so much better for me — Oh! you did know O'Toanagain?"

Bullanger confounded, had not a word to say. He turned his eyes piteously on his wife, and uttered, "What am I to think?" — She stopped him short, and, with a look

he well understood, bade him be comforted:—"Grieving," said she, "will not recall him; —remember where we are,—a word to the wise: —to-morrow I will tell you all: —we are at the hotel de —, what hotel, Baron?" — "Dresde, my loaf, where we will be glad to see Toanagain's friend."

Awed by the appearance of the German, and unwilling to produce a scene, Bullanger preferred submitting to his own disgrace; and, still hoping that she would return to him, he wished her and the Baron a good night and left the room. — Lovelace was not so merciful, he showed Madame la Baronne by a smile, that his memory was good, and he took an opportunity, in the course of the night, to tell her history to Knocandoff, in consequence of which, the indignant Barbonfalbac relinquished her the next morning to her happy husband, stipulating only for a discharge of the bill at the hotel de Dresde, and repayment of the expenses of Mrs. Bullanger's journies, which the Baron had laid out most disinterestedly, besides allowing her, for

the sake of conveniency in travelling, to take his name, for which he made no demand.

So much for these Puppets: — they are performing in the last acts of your Vortical Vaudeville. I was greatly amused with them, and determined to let you have them; — so here I send you a volunteer volume, having answered your last while I was at Dover, and you may either laugh *with* me, or *at* me for wasting my time. But the fact is, that having accomplished the object of my journey I have little else to do: — Paris, like London, — like all other overpeopled places, has few charms for me: — "man delights me not, nor woman either, though by your laughing you seem to think so." You may spare yourself the discovery of indications in my extolling a soft dark eye, a graceful arm, and the rest of it. Beauty may yet dazzle my eye, but never will it reach my heart; — 'tis over. — I saw her again the other day; — she came into the room at the conclusion of my business with her father. To convince myself that she

had made no impression on me, I did not look at her a second time after my bow; though in that glance I was convinced that her beauty did not depend on candle-light and a showy dress.

I am expecting a letter from you, but after you receive this, direct no more here. — I leave Paris shortly for London, and, if you have given up *La Belle*, which I seriously hope you have, you may go and lose a few weeks with me at Belmont Lodge.

Ever your's,

F. DARRELL.

LETTER XIII.

Mr. Vernon to Sir Francis Darrell.

Mount Vernon, Sept. 3d.

THE place and the month in the date of this letter, my dear Darrell, will immediately fill your imagination with pointers, setters, greyhounds, partridges, hares, and all the train, equipage, and sylvan accoutrements of Dian and her mountain nymphs; and moreover, powder and shot, of which that lunatic goddess was completely ignorant, and had not *nous* enough to invent.

To this glorious show you may add the goddess herself, if you can figure her in the person of your acquaintance, Lady Barbara Lewis, who came here on the eve of the first, by my brother's invitation, to enjoy the slaughter, and assist in the division of the spoils. She

is a great favorite with the Baron for her bold riding, and I shall not be surprised to see her take a gun and bring down the outermost bird of the covey. I wonder my sister is not jealous of her : — she must rely upon her want of beauty, but I could tell her that there are other charms, and that " where those are light Eros finds a feere." However it is no business of mine, and if my Lord will spend all his time with dogs, horses, and a huntress, my lady must look to herself, that's all I say, and who would blame her? Not I.

Lady Mount Vernon, young and certainly handsome, being of too delicate a frame to follow my brother over gates and ploughed fields, appears nevertheless to participate his delights, as it were by reverberation. I am extremely astonished at her, and cannot believe it natural. She is fond of reading, and is at present engaged with the Duke of Marlborough's wars; and she talks of his tactics and genius, so as to show that she is greatly interested in her book, yet she appears to listen with infinitely more delight to the

manœuvres of General Lord Mount Vernon on this ridge and that lea, the creeping of Chloe, the pointing of Bob, the flushing of the covey, the whur of their wings, the style of aiming the gun, each man dropping his two picked birds, *pop, pop,* from her Lord's double barrrel, *pop, pop,* from his friend's.—Then to see with what patience, or rather glee, she listens to Barbara's sporting slang, who, in anticipation of the approaching hunting season, goes over the feats of the last with a tenacity of memory that calendars the remarkably fine scenting days, the duration of the runs, the gates she leaped, the size of the hare, and the name of the rider who wore the scut.

"John," says she to my brother, "do you remember the 11th of December?"

"I shall never forget it, Bab," says he, "we had capital sport,—nothing like it all the season,—the ground just nicely open,—the scent lying deliciously,—the hounds all in fine spirits, all staunch, not a single false tongue that day."

"Do you remember," says she, "when

they were at fault in the single-oak field? What a dead silence there was, while they spread themselves over the field."

"Do you remember," says he, "in what a style old Growler gave tongue, and how it went to your heart?"

I shall never forget it," says Bab, "and the dash we immediately made over the gate and across the fallow to farmer Paine's yard. What a fuss it put mother Paine in! Do you remember Tim Dawson's fall that day?"

"To be sure I do, and your laugh as you passed him by: — but Dawson's no bad rider; he had mounted a jade of farmer Littlejohn's which he knew nothing of; — I swore how it would be, when I saw him join the hounds. Do you remember Will Grove that day?"

"Yes," says Bab, "Will was well mounted: he is a fine fellow on horseback."

"Devilish fine fellow," quoth my Lord, "but he is an accomplished man, — he is one of the best shots in the county."

"Do you remember?" says Bab — and so they go on catechizing each other's

memory in detail through the whole season past, and anticipating many jovial deaths in that to come.

Can you conceive such an avarice of bliss? Surely they must be the happiest people upon earth, who can thus enjoy the past, the present, and the future all at once. But what is the oddest thing in the world to me is, that my sister, who has now heard this jargon for upwards of four years, is not worn out with it, nor has as yet entered the Vortex. To be sure, Mount Vernon is not deficient in other respects, and, after his dogs and horses, is kind enough to his wife, so kind indeed, that he never admits a dog into the house beyond the sporting parlour, where he sometimes breakfasts, or receives such of his sporting acquaintance as his own pride will not allow him to bring into the drawing-room. Out of the season he is rather attentive to her than otherwise, and upon the whole has, I believe, a very proper husband-like affection for her.

But it is time for me to acknowledge your letter from Dover and to tell you how

it happens that I am here. And first as to the unfortunate history of your father and Godfrey's aunt. — Certes, my dear Darrell, it is a most melancholy one;— but why was it so? It was not owing to the devotion of a lover, or the smiles of a mistress, which are things perfectly understood. — If a woman will not smile, her knight in time understands that she is not of the Vortex, and he feels himself bound in honour to bow and withdraw his pretensions. What would the most uxorious man have more? I am sure that Mr. Saville would have been satisfied with it. But here comes a hotheaded stripling of a colonel, with a "Dam'me Sir, I must have my sister's letter directly." Who the devil would give it him? — I never heard the particulars of the affair; those catastrophes, however deep and commented upon at the time, soon lose their interest, and seldom survive a generation: — besides I went early abroad.

That business was certainly a bad one, but I can find no analogy in it with my devoirs to La Belle. — If she prove a Mrs.

Saville, I promise you, Darrell, that Godfrey shall have no reason to complain of me. — If she is what that peculiar smile of her's indicates, why should she not advance my reputation? In the name of wonder, why should you be so solicitous about her? If you were in habits of intimacy, I might account for it one way or the other. Are you really becoming a *Chevalier Preux?*

Your intentions respecting Saville are generous in the extreme, and, considering the fortune you possess, worthy of you. I long to hear how you are received. Godfrey knows nothing of your design, but he has been rather more communicative lately respecting his own intentions. Not having the remotest idea of Grove Park, he meditates settling Mr. Saville and his daughter at Woodlee. I now find that they are the relations, the expectation of whose arrival has prevented the usual removal to the Manor-house in Herefordshire on the prorogation of parliament.

I had hardly heard of these good

folks, and lately I hear of nothing else, though a profound silence is preserved on the circumstances that caused Mr. Saville to expatriate himself so many years. Mrs. Godfrey talks most enthusiastically of "my uncle and my cousin Augusta." Then "so long in Italy" is naturally followed by the young lady's being "an accomplished painter and an excellent musician," to which I begged leave to add sculpture, architecture, and *archaiology* — a Greek word for Rufus. La Belle put on one of those wicked smiles which I cannot help interpreting in my favour, and Rufus Palmer who was present transfused. By-the-bye, Rufus is become quite attached to me, and a hard word or two never fail to improve his fondness. He has got the whip-hand of me just now, as you shall hear, but I must first tell you that I have been trying to make a sinner of him, and find him an apt disciple; — but he is not *aufait* yet.

I have made him ashamed of the stone figures in coats, waistcoats, and breeches, —stays, petticoats, shoes and stockings, in

the court and gardens of his place, yclept Hants Cottage, which were bequeathed to him by his father as fixtures to the said Hants Cottage. I made him observe that statues belonging to men of classical taste were never clothed.

"Truly Sir," said Rufus as if suddenly struck, "no more they are, and I have sometimes blushed when I have been in company with ladies."

"Did you ever see them blush at it?" said I.

"Truly no, but I have wondered that so modest a lady as Mrs. Godfrey could overcome such carnal exhibitions."

"My worthy friend," said I, "it has nothing to do with her modesty one way or the other — It is entirely a matter of custom. — Don't you observe that the persons of men are more covered than the persons of women?"

"Truly so," responded Rufus.

"Would not you blush to see our friend Godfrey with his shirt collar unbuttoned, and thrusting a naked shoulder out?"

"Doubtless, Mr. Vernon, doubtless."

"But you have no objection, have you, to look at Mrs. Godfrey's arms, and her neck peeping from under a lace band — have you?"

"Truly," quoth Rufus, "I can'tsay."

"Not say! That's a copy of your countenance, Rufus."

"I vow, Mr. Vernon, you are in a comical humour."

"Aha! Mr. Palmer, I see you are a sly one, I am talking merely of the effect of custom, and away goes your wicked imagination to beauty."

"Fie, Mr. Vernon, I had no such iniquitous thoughts."

"But to return to our subject," continued I, "you allow that there is nothing indecent in the ladies being less covered than men, provided the limits prescribed by modesty are attended to."

"Truly, I must allow that."

"Well, the same custom, which covers a living man all but his face and hands, and a living woman all but her face, hands, neck, and arms, has thought proper to leave marble statues still less covered; — and nothing can be more absurd than to

make marble suits of clothes; it is setting our statuaries to copy tailors instead of nature.—For Heaven's sake down with your breeched Vertumnuses and tuckered Pomonas."

"But then," quoth he, "the court and gardens would look so empty."

"Not at all; you have plenty of trees, and shrubs, and flowers, which are the natural and proper ornaments of grounds, though, to show something of classical taste, I would have a few good copies of the Grecian statues placed here and there. Your grounds possess great capability:—it is a pity such points of beauty should not be drawn forth from the mass.—Now that I can take the liberty of a friend, I may tell you 'tis the general wonder, how a young man of such taste can think of leaving it in its present state."

"No! you don't say so! did Mrs. Godfrey ever make the remark?"

This fellow is a downright Noddy, in love with La Belle, and does not know it:—but she does, and evidently does not like him the worse for it. I hardly think

she can return his passion, though the best of the Vortex have fantastic notions: and that she is in the Vortex her treatment of this sanctified booby convinces me, for if she has nothing else in view, she will make him marry some damsel of her choosing who may chance to have occasion for a fortune, perhaps her cousin Augusta. But to return to Rufus: —

"Mrs. Godfrey!" said I, — "to be sure, and all the world."

"The world is large, Mr. Vernon, but I wonder Mrs. Godfrey never hinted her opinion to me."

"Why you wicked rogue," cried I, "would you have a married woman — oh for shame!"

Rufus blushed like an autumn cyder apple.

"Truly I thought no harm."

"Nay," said I, "I do not wish to confess you, but truly you do now and then betray some sinful thoughts, my friend."

He ejaculated, "The Lord forbid!"

"That blush, Rufus," said I, "that blush speaks a very intelligent language; — nay, don't be ashamed of your taste."

"Upon my word, Mr. Vernon, I do think her a very fine lady, but—"

"Come, come, none of your buts—if you wish to please her, I'll tell you how."

"Who," exclaimed he, turning up the whites of his eyes, "would not like to please so sweet a lady, but I do declare—"

"I see Palmer," cried I, interrupting his declaration of innocence, "I see that with a great deal of real taste you have little knowledge of the world; I'll take you under my tuition.—What say you?"

"Truly, you are very friendly:—my particular studies, I own, have been poetry and geology, subordinate to the holy writings, and I suspect that I do want some improvement in worldly manners:—I should truly be glad to make some tasteful alterations at Hants Cottage, such as would please a lady of Mrs. Godfrey's judgment, because I am sure, and you may take my word for it, Mr. Vernon, she is as innocent as I am, or as you are yourself."

I agreed with him, and not to over-

whelm you with Rufus too much at once, I will drop the remainder of our conversation, and confine the rest of my letter to a brief narrative. I walked round his place with him, dooming the fall of all the wooden and free-stone habiliments, whether enveloping shepherds or shepherdesses, haymakers or fluters. I marked out two other sites for creditable statues, and I pointed out where taste required the ground to be levelled,—where raised, — where there should be open space and display, — and where retirement and privacy: and I talked so convincingly on the subject, that he felt the absolute necessity of employing a landscape-gardener to give his premises the appearance which genius, and only genius, could find under the rough coating of nature,—as the diamond receives its brilliancy from the delicate cuts and angular touches of the lapidary. His fortune is large, and will bear some pulls from the hands of taste. He left the choice of the statues to me, and I ordered from London a Venus *Callipyges* for a grove, a Faunus for the lawn, and a water-nymph for the rivulet. They were

expected in a few days at Hants Cottage, and I was enjoying in imagination some new conversations with Rufus, which I thought would be necessary to enforce their establishment in their new domains, when I managed to manœuvre myself into a journey hither, *tête-à-tête* with Godfrey, leaving my pupil free to improve the unaccountable partiality La Belle has for him, which, if he really does not already see, he must soon discover, unless he be even more stupid than I take him to be.

You must know that a few days after I wrote last to you, letters arrived from the Savilles, in consequence of which I heard more of them than I had ever heard before, though not a word of what I afterwards became acquainted with on the receipt of your letter now before me. It appearing that Godfrey had time to go into Herefordshire before their arrival, preparations were made for the journey.—La Belle was to accompany him. Certain of this, I said I had an indispensable engagement with Mount Vernon, and became of course fixed for the excursion.

I completely over-reached myself, for I am certain neither Godfrey nor his wife would have planned such a trick for me; but it turned out that, considering the matter well, it was decided that La Belle should remain at Woodlee. Well, I made the best of it, as I usually do; being, as you know, the professed enemy of blue devils. — Godfrey is a good fellow and a pleasant companion, and I suspect we talked more on the road than we should have done, had I been bodkin. At Hereford we parted, Manor House and Mount Vernon lying on different sides of the city, so here I am, and you see with what company.

Lady Barbara has given me a fine account of the group you had at Bramblebear Hall; — nor was she very nice in whispering her suspicions of Lady Betty, and — whom do you think? No other than the gallant swain who *began* (only began, mind,) to think the Lady one of the Vortex. How could he leave Northamptonshire at such a beginning? True, she is not "one of his beauties," and though "her figure is perfect," yet he

"admires a different complexion." I can tell him what he does not know, that her ladyship with all her demureness could not conceal her pique at his flight. By the way, I take it for granted you go again to Bramblebear Hall, on your return to England. If so, I'll go with you, or perhaps you may find me there. — I shall not at present debate your character with you: — this is certain that you are a most unequal being, though I am sorry to see that the *sombre* part of you prevails more and more. Pray let your next letter be a gay one, and once more I conjure you to *eschew melancholy*.

Ever your's,

L. VERNON.

P. S. I have this moment received the enclosed from my fond friend, Rufus; — a treat, which I cannot withhold from you. He shall not want for my advice gratis.

LETTER XIV.

Rufus Palmer, Esq. to the Hon. Lewis Vernon.

Hants Cottage, Sept. 2.

DEAR MR. VERNON,

YOUR departure from Hants caused me much pain at the time, the improvement of our friendship having rendered our acquaintance very agreeable : but I more particularly felt the loss of your valued company yesterday, at the opening of the cases containing the statues, which arrived the day before. Oh friend! friend! I fear that taste and virtue are at war with each other: in spite of my endeavours to reason myself out of those prejudices which you convinced me were not participated by any of the learned, and but by few of the pious, — and we must make a distinction, for if all the pious are not learned, truly all the learned are not pious, — I did nevertheless feel a certain

shock when, in company with my sisters, whose impatience to judge of your taste there was no overcoming, — Martha our cook, and the other maids standing by, — when I say — my eyes first beheld the beautiful, I mean the unclothed, person of an indecent goddess, raised out of the case by our footman and a carpenter from Alton. I think the statuary must have mistaken the order you gave. — You evidently intended the figure to have some slight covering, but the deficiency of posterior drapery doth truly cause a comical feeling to the beholder; and Thomas and the carpenter bit their lips to prevent their laughing; — the maids did laugh, except Martha, who frowned and went away.

I own I was ashamed, yet Miss Palmer and my sister Kitty did not blush. "Nonsense," cried Kitty, "as if it was any thing but stone." But nevertheless, both my sisters went away, and with them the two maids, — which, you see, was showing by action that they thought it better to talk of taste than to see it; — for they both maintain your opinion, that

nature is superior to tailoring in works of art, though in works of real nature there is great room for display of taste by tailors, robe-makers, and fancy-gardeners. They discourse much in your style, and truly while discoursing, I incline to admit my feelings to be prejudices; but there is an obstinacy in my sight that warreth against my better understanding, and maketh me withdraw mine eyes from this statue of Venus Callipyges, unless quite alone. — Though I must own it is most beautiful, and would be more so, if the drapery had not unfortunately been hitched on the goddess's shoulder, for after all, I must maintain with the poet, that, "want of decency is want of sense." But then, as you said, decency dependeth upon time and place. Now, perhaps when this beautiful statue is fixed in her place in the grove, and one hath seen her time after time, one may only be struck wtih the merit of the artist, and the nice touches of his chisel.

I have endeavoured to reason the maids out of their mirth, and the cook out of her

frown, saying to the former, there was nothing to laugh at, and to Martha that there was no impropriety or immorality in works of taste.—I had no occasion to reason with my sisters; they had all your reasoning by heart. In spite however of their conviction, and of the strong arguments you made use of, I did not feel comfortable upon the occasion of this Venus, and I resolved not to open the other cases till I consulted Mrs. Godfrey, knowing how you esteem her *taste:*—so I made Thomas and the carpenter transport the goddess into the washhouse, and leaving the others nailed up in the hall, I rode over to Woodlee, but was not lucky enough to see Mrs. G. It is the fourth time I have called since Mr. G. left home, and I have only seen her once.—I think it odd.—I never was refused admittance before.—I will go over again to-morrow, and I will leave this letter open to tell you what passeth.

Sept. 3.—Dear Mr. Vernon,—this Venus causeth me much evil.—Not that I have seen Mrs. Godfrey:—I was again denied admittance, the Lord knows why.

— I do wish I had seen her: — her opinions agreeing with your's would have helped to take off the impression made upon me by such an unexpected rebuke as I received from Martha this morning, in a manner that will amaze you. — I somehow got up rather early, I did conceive before any of the family were stirring; descending the back-stairs, I walked without ever once thinking what I was about, straight into the wash-house — when, lo! what think you I beheld? Venus you say: — truly so, but it was Venus in a flannel petticoat, — a real flannel petticoat, — one of Martha's petticoats: — I know it is her's. I felt an evil spirit of anger rising within me at the presumption of my servant, and, without thinking what I was about, I began to take it off, when a voice, as if from the ceiling, called to me aloud, "You had better leave it on, Mr. Rufus."

The time of the morning, the quiet of the house, not a mouse stirring, not a breath of wind moving, the voice struck to my heart, as if I had been a culprit detected in his evil ways. But I soon

recovered myself; the wash-house door was open and I saw Martha go across the kitchen. I cannot tell why I did not speak to her: but, leaving the petticoat upon the beautiful statue, I hastened back to my chamber, where I staid till I was called to breakfast; —after which I went over to Woodlee as I told you, and came back without my errand.

And here I am, not knowing what to do, with my sisters calling for the opening of the other cases, Thomas and the housemaids perpetually grinning at one another, my cook watching the wash-house door, and Venus Callipyges in a flannel petticoat. The Lord have mercy upon me, and keep me in the right way!

Pray give me your advice, dear Mr. Vernon: — I shall let things remain as they are till I hear from you: — I know that your engagements with your brother the Right Honourable the Lord of Mount-Vernon will not allow you to leave Herefordshire at present, but a few lines from you will relieve my mind much, and in spite of Kitty's re-

monstrances the other cases shall not be opened for the present.

I hope you had an agreeable journey, and met with his Lordship and her Ladyship and all your family at Mount-Vernon well. Mrs. G. looked sweetly the day I saw her, and had her usual agreeable smile. My sisters both send compliments. — Write soon. I am,

My dear Sir,

Your obliged friend

and humble servant,

RUFUS PALMER.

LETTER XV.

Augusta to Angelica.

Paris. * * *

MY DEAR ANGELICA,

* * * * * * * * * * *

I HAVE drawn my pen through the first four pages of my letter, which were written more than a week ago, on the day after our arrival here, as they are but a repetition of what my father has been describing to the Marchese. He proposed a day of rest and letter-writing.— On reading his letter I would have torn mine, but he would not allow me:—you will see that it would have been no loss. However, on resuming my pen, I will not quit the lovely scenes of the country near Geneva without indulging the long contracted habit of opening my mind to my dearest Angelica, and showing her all that passes there. Yes, my sweet

sister, this friendship, this making over of our thoughts and feelings to each other, is, if not life itself, the great support and sweetener of it. Indeed I am never so conscious of my existence as when I am communicating my sentiments to one, who receives them as you do, and repays my love and confidence with her own. The superiority of a married life must, I think, consist in this mutual complete unbosoming of the heart which that tie is formed and evidently intended to produce: I say this, in spite of the many, many instances, that we ourselves have known and heard of, of marriages where no such friendship existed; — and to observe to you, that possessed of it, as we are, without marriage, I feel armed against the delusions of hope, and never will admit the thought of becoming a wife without complete conviction that I am wooed on this principle. I am content with my Angelica's heart, and the being, who aspires to share my affection with her, must possess a heart like her's.

Now, be it known to you that this

leads to my informing you of my having had the misfortune to have a lover since I arrived on this side the Alps. How many would call me absurd for using the word, misfortune; but you understand me, Angelica, and will not think me so. The man that seriously proffers his heart cannot be an object of contempt in that, and it must therefore be painful to be obliged to tell him that the highest gift any one has it in his power to bestow is not thought worthy of acceptance. It is a pity that men will not discover what the event must be, which I think is so easily to be done, and spare unpleasant feelings on both sides. As for persevering lovers, and many-conquering damsels, they are to me incomprehensible characters. — Love, or if you please, the continuation of it, depends, in my opinion, so entirely upon a return of affection, that I should as soon expect frost in summer, and warmth from ice, as love in a rejected suitor. But the thing exists, and therefore the defect is in my comprehension, or rather let me say, my dear Angelica, that it is owing to the

manner in which we have been instructed, to the sentiments which have been instilled into our minds from infancy.

I remember my mother well, her delicate form, her pale countenance, and enchanting smile: I fancy that I see my dear Marchesa, my second mother, in youth and beauty such as her slim form and intelligent countenance still indicate, sitting by her side and talking of us; — I recall, or imagine I recall, the expression of their principles: — no wonder I should imagine this as they have been so invariably, so impressively inculcated by the beloved survivor. There may be, and there no doubt are, national distinctions of character arising from national distinctions of education, but in this neither the Marchesa nor my own mother could be said to be of any country, and principle they knew ought to be the same in all. — If our Marchesa has made me an Italian in some things, she has made my dear Angelica an Englishwoman in others; — such at least as the character has been painted to us. If the passions are more uncontrolled in

one country than another, it is not because they are uncontrollable by nature more in the one than in the other, but because the regulation of them is neglected in early life.

In Italy particularly, but not only in Italy, the romance of a goddess and god of love is by no means antiquated, and it is only to the wild worship of these I can attribute all the modern follies we hear of its effects, and among others that of the *persevering* votary. People of common sense will never think of uniting themselves without reciprocal attachment; but, says the lover, permit me to endeavour to gain your love. — That "permit me" is the inconsistency itself: — the woman who permits the endeavour consents to the proposal: — C'est une affaire finie, as the French say.

As for conquering damsels who deem a list of lovers necessary to their reputation, they are nothing more than coquettes, a character contemptible enough, but something still worse. — If the gratification of their vanity were all one might be satisfied with a laugh, but the injury they do is serious. If the

admirer does not break his heart, he is associated by custom, (an unjust one to be sure,) in the ridicule attached to rejected suitors; and the heart that has been refused by one is rendered of less value to another. I am sure we are not prudes, Angelica, yet I cannot but think the attempt to gain a man's heart for the gratification of vanity a crime, and that she who wilfully uses her attractions, be those what they may, to create love, should be considered as legally engaged to the person, and as dishonoured, if she practises her power on more than one. The very premeditation of conquest indeed is degrading.

We have both had the misfortune (I must repeat the word) to refuse the offers of our acquaintance, but with what pain! It has never entered my thought to gain from any man more than a pleasant interchange of civility; on the contrary I have been greatly on my guard to prevent any man from suspecting me of an artifice so mortifying. This mode of thinking I owe originally to the Marchesa, but is completely made my own

by all the power I possess of reasoning. Why is it that what is so much coveted by the generality of our sex should create in me a painful sensation? I mean admiration. I know what my Angelica's answer will be; — that it is an ill compliment to the understanding, and indicates that personal qualities are the chief distinction of a woman. There is masculine beauty as well as feminine; but is a man ever made to perceive that he is admired for it? and why not? Because it is not the chief distinction on which he piques himself. And is it with us? Oh! it is as great a weakness in a female bosom as in a man's. It is because I feel it to be so, that it creates some degree of shame in me when I perceive that a man's eyes are more than commonly occupied in scrutinizing my person.

In reading this sentiment you will readily recollect how little I prize the portion of good looks which nature may have given me, or rather how I have learned to prize it properly; for not to value it at all would be nearly as weak as to value it alone or principally. My

Angelica then will not think me in danger of being vain when I talk to her of admiration and of a lover. There is a chivalrous, and I think just and natural deference shown by men to the female character, with which every woman must be pleased, and which she ought to repay by showing her sense of it; but this is very different, and it is my opinion that the man who begins to make his passion known by marked personal admiration introduces his suit with an insult. And now, my dear Angelica, for love and Geneva, or, for the sake of the sound, love and the Lake.

It seems that visiting that part of Switzerland has long been a passion of my countrymen.—Indeed it well deserves its celebrity, but I found that one of the greatest charms it possessed was that it gave birth, not to J. J. Rousseau, but to his ideal generation.

There is at present there a young Englishman of family and fortune whose name is Dartford, who leads a singular life.—Though of pleasant and apparently of social manners, he passes all his time alone

in contemplating the remarkable parts of the country, their histories, and their legends: the poor follow him and bless him; the rich he excludes. He was accidentally introduced to our party one day, when my father staid at home to write letters, by our banker Mr. Pollen, who had previously given us some idea of his character. He was walking at some distance from the town on the side of the lake; — he had a small book in his hand, which when Mr. Pollen accosted him he closed, keeping his finger in it as if intending to continue his reading. — Though he spoke to him he looked at me: — his countenance is strong and marked, and the head altogether one that a painter would select for a story on canvass. He kept his eyes so long fixt upon me, that though not unprepared for a scrutiny, Mr. Pollen having warned us of his habit, I felt my face flush. — He must have seen my distress, but without removing the cause of it, he put his book into his pocket, and remarking that there was room in our carriage, begged permission to join us. It was of course granted, and he passed

the day with us in our excursion on the side of the lake, opposite to that along which we had travelled in our journey to Geneva. He soon discovered himself to be a man of cultivated mind, but romantically enthusiastic, and viewing things with that fervour of imagination which, magnifying ideal existences, degrades the common and necessary realities of life.

The book he had been reading was Rousseau's novel. — The madness with which that unhappy man was afflicted is surely of a contagious nature, and I am certain, with our dear mother, that it is better for healthy minds to avoid the risk of contagion. This young man is evidently infected. He described, he painted with rapture the places — the scenes which Rousseau had animated with the persons of his book: from his language one might imagine them superior to Paradise itself, and that nothing ever equalled Vevai, Clarens, and the rocks of Meilléric. At Clarens, undying Love, the God — I told you that Cupid and Venus had survived all the other ancient gods and goddesses — had fixed his

immortal throne; there it was that he was married to Psyché, and there it was that all nature paid him homage, from man down to the very trees which "take root in love." There "they who had never loved would learn to love, and they who had loved would love the more."

Upon the whole, I think our excursion was rendered more pleasant by the company of our accidental companion, and perhaps I appeared to him to think so, but he could not dive into my mind to distinguish the nature of the pleasure it felt, — which was of that kind excited by the perusal of some interesting romance, fabulous drama, or epic fiction. — It was a Tancred, an Orestes, or a Rinaldo: — I never once thought of Mr. Dartford.

He, it seems, was not of that opinion. He called upon us the next day. — My father was gone to Mr. Pollen's, and I was waiting his return to accompany me to Ferney. My hero of the day before coming in the meantime, asked for me, and did not wait to be announced, so that I suddenly found myself alone with him in our sitting-room.

"We had a pleasant day yesterday," said he, as he advanced without the least ceremony; — heroes never bow; — "but I come to persuade you to a much pleasanter excursion: where is Mr. Saville?" — I told him. — "Is he easily persuaded?" said he: — "I will stay with you till he comes back. — He must be persuaded. — How could you think of passing through Clarens and Vevai like common post-towns, and not stop a day or two to pay your devotion at the shrine of *Julie?* How could you, yesterday, with your horses' heads towards Meillérie, not push forward to stand, once at least, in that immortal shelter of pure love? We must visit it together."

"You are very ardent," said I, "in favour of those places, but I do not attach the honour and the interest to them that you do; yet I saw enough of the country you idolize, to think it justly entitled to admiration."

"Beautiful! beautiful!" cried he; "but their chief interest arises from their association with Wolmar's family: — a noble husband superior to jealousy, pure and

disinterested love, and female friendship devoid of envy; — Julia and Clara, no doubt, were uppermost in your thoughts as you past through their country."

"I am very little acquainted," said I, "with the characters of the persons you are so enraptured with; I have merely heard them spoken of, and rather unfavourably; but at all events I agree in opinion with one of our most celebrated poets, who thinks that if Rousseau had never written, those scenes would have been equally romantic; that he has added to the interest of his works by their adoption, and that they have done for *him* what no human being could do for *them*."

"Is it possible," cried he, "that you have never read Rousseau's work?"

"Very possible," replied I.

"What, in the name of wonder, are you doing here then?"

"I am on my way with my father to England."

"For Heaven's sake be more what your features and person indicate; I have often seen *Julie* in imagination; I never saw her with my eyes till yesterday, and

they were upon her the whole day. I was struck with the resemblance on the first glance I took, and was impelled by the feeling it excited to know more of her. I never thought of the intrusion till I lost sight of her. You surely cannot be an every-day creature."

"I am indeed, and wish to be nothing else."

"I don't believe, I won't hear you say so. Why, I never heard any woman talk as you did yesterday of the passage over the Alps."

"I talked as I felt; I am a lover of nature."

"A lover of nature, and not of Jean Jaques!"

"From all I have learned respecting Rousseau, he must have been a madman or a villain, and I would rather think the former with the sublime bard, whose sentiments I have already quoted, who says,

> 'But he was phrenzied by disease or woe,
> To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning
> show.'

"His character," I continued, "seems to have been drawn in the same poem by

a masterly hand;—I advise you to read it. The poet makes him more particularly mad when he wrote a work which I have read, or rather heard read,—his *Social Contract;* and I shall never forget the remark that was made at the time by one of my friends present,—that the lunatic, not satisfied with vending poison wholesale to the destruction of nations, had prepared it in sugared pills for private families."

"Poor Rousseau! what a violent enemy has he in the only woman that ever gave me an idea of his Julie! But I must set you right. Whatever may be your opinion of his political work, it is clear that you are unacquainted with the spirit of his *Nouvelle Eloise,* as you own that literally it is unknown to you."

"Literally I own, for I have not read it, but I believe I am not ignorant of the spirit of it: I have heard comments upon it by friends of whose judgment I have the highest opinion."

"Believe me, he is misunderstood: I know his book has been represented as dangerous to virtue."

" If I am not misinformed," said I, " he represents it so himself."

" There again ;" cried he, —" a weak preface is turned into a weapon against one of the finest efforts of genius by which a single error is atoned for by a long life of virtuous love."

" It should have been atoned for by a life of rigid penitence."

" I must, I shall convince you ; but I am more interested at present to know how long you are likely to be here ?"

" I believe a very few days longer : we are travellers, as I told you, on our way to England."

" There," said he, " no doubt to fulfil a happy engagement and bless your lover?"

I was much displeased at this liberty, and looked as I felt. " Nay, do not be angry," said he, " you have no right to be so. If you will but reflect, above form as you are, you will make some allowance for a man who wishes to ascertain the freedom of your mind."

" I am astonished," replied I, " at this conversation from a perfect stranger."

He stopped me : — " A stranger ! and can you call me a stranger after such a day as yesterday ? Well ! I will be corrected. In urging the shortness of your stay as an apology for this precipitancy, I trust you will permit me in England to lose the distinction of a stranger."

I said that I had no right to permit, and begged that so embarrassing a conversation might be dropped.

" I will obey you," said he ; " and, conscious that, after the declaration I have made, my presence would be an annoyance to you in your enjoyment of this charming country, you shall see me no more here. I leave you ; give me but the rose in your hand to console me for my loss of your company."

To ask the flower which I happened to have taken up when he came in, was but an artful mode of repeating his request to be considered as my lover. It was quite in his style. " You cannot but know," said I, " that insignificant as giving the flower would be in itself, it cannot now be considered so." He bowed, said that even this but the more

confirmed his prepossessions of yesterday, and wishing me a pleasant journey home and happiness through life, he smiled and left me.

My father returned soon after, and I told him all that had passed, upon which he observed that it was absurdly premature, but quite consistent with the character he had that morning been hearing of him, which was a very high one: his principles were unexceptionable; he was well informed and accomplished, but governed by a romantic imagination which rendered him singular. This was all my father said: he did not recommend him to my thoughts, but neither did he caution me, which plainly showed that he had no objection to him if I had none. Objection! I have no objection to this young man: in spite of his romance he is sensible and amiable; but is this a reason for marrying? I have already told my dear Angelica the only ground on which I will ever think of changing my state.—That ground, Mr. Dartford does not possess, and I am determined not to be dazzled by the brilliant quali-

ties which usually sway the heart. If I have any beauty, I will not barter it for admiration; a correspondent soul, a full and faithful confidence of mind can alone promise a life of happiness; these preliminaries including good sense, I should not be very fastidious as to the brilliant endowments and accomplishments so often made the only objects of matrimony. Good sense, good humour, habitual cheerfulness, an affectionate heart, and unbounded confidence, are the real jewels which a woman should look for in a husband.

And now, if you please, my dear Angelica, we are in Paris. I was greatly pleased in entering France, particularly with the *Cote d'Or*, but to you, whose eyes are familiar with the most beautiful vineyards and abundant corn-fields, description would be a work of supererogation. — So come at once with me to the capital. Of Paris I have much to say: who could be a week in it and not have much to say? But my letter is already long, and there are still more calls on my curiosity than I shall have time to satisfy,

as we shall now very soon set out for the country that gave me birth, which, the nearer I approach it, augments in my heart a feeling far, far beyond the passion of curiosity,— a desire to see that land of which I have heard so much,—to be in the midst of a nation whose virtues and whose prowess have saved the world, whose laws are an example to enlightened governments, and whose habits in private life are sources of domestic happiness. To be in the midst of them and feel myself one of them!—

My Angelica has ever been among the foremost to extol Britain, and she will not be jealous of the sentiments which a near approach to it calls forth from her Augusta. Signa and the lovely vale of Arno have ever been dear to me, and ever will: the feeling they produce is tenderness; they raise fond recollections and affections,— recollections and affections not associated with Britain, as I was so young when I left it; but we have followed her history, we have read her authors, we have delighted in tracing the lives of her distinguished

characters, and we have been grateful to her for the return of peace, — sources of a just pride. — Yes, Angelica, I am proud of my country: — you too are proud of your friend's country, — you are half a Briton. We will have two countries; — we will live in both: — my dear Marchesa has promised to come for me: — we will divide our time between England and Italy; — we cannot, we will not be separated long.

Tutto con te mi piace,
Sia colle, o selva, o prato;
Tutto é soggiorno ingrato
Lungi, amica, da te.

Leaving then for another opportunity, my remarks on the general objects of curiosity, I will conclude my letter with subjects I know to be more interesting to my dear Angelica, — such as more immediately concern her friends; and I have to communicate a most unexpected occurrence in the life of my father which has just taken place.

You are but too well acquainted, my love, with my dear mother's melancholy

story, and my father's loss of the family-estate in Northamptonshire, in consequence of the vindictive spirit of the late Lady Darrell. How surprised will you be to hear that, from a spirit of a contrary nature reigning in the heart of her son, it is likely to return into his possession! The young Sir Francis Darrell is at present in Paris. I have seen him twice, — first at a ball before I knew who he was, and afterwards, — the next day, when he called upon my father; but this was scarcely three minutes, for my entrance seemed to be the signal for his departure. He did not even speak to me, — he hardly looked at me; nor should I be able to remember his face, had I not noticed it particularly the evening before.

You know how I am always struck with features that bear the impression of character, whether in high or low life, in marble or on canvass. This habit, no doubt, I have acquired from my attachment to the study of heads in painting: — it is an agreeable acquirement, as it often furnishes subject for thought. I first saw Sir Francis as he stood speaking to a gen-

tleman at a little distance from a set in which I was one of the dancers. I had a good opportunity of viewing his countenance without his observing me. It is a very striking one, and I should have noticed it had the head been on the shoulders of a *pescatore* in a boat at Livorno, instead of an English baronet in a ball-room at Paris.

The description of features cannot convey a resemblance; the few terms we have for expressing them cannot adapt themselves to that infinite variety which is one of the wonders of nature. They mark not character;—character marks them:—we may see two faces with precisely the same features, and they shall be so distinguished by the difference of the spirits which animate them, as to have no striking resemblance.

Sir Francis has a high forehead, more exposed on one side than on the other, over which hang curls of dark hair; his eye-brows and eye-lashes are of the same colour, yet his eyes are blue, which is extraordinary, and but for the character thrown into them by his

spirit would be insipid. Blue eyes are out of place, except in a fair complexion, which his is not. I have no time to describe the nose — it is not Roman, it is not Grecian, but approaching to the latter, distinct and prominent: his lips are well turned, and as pliant as his brows. He rarely smiled; but I once or twice could perceive that he had fine teeth. — His chin is proportioned and terminates an oval *contour*. If I add small ears, a manly bust, and a slim and elegant figure; will you not say that this is the language of an enamoured damsel? No; Angelica will not say so; she knows it is not, and that Augusta does not fall in love with every fine face she sees. And how could she fall in love with this, well composed as it is, when its animation bespeaks a soul so equivocal — that of an angel, or of a demon? There is an air, an inexpressible property, that betokens greatness of soul and amiable affections; but there are alternate signals of conscious depravity, and of remorse eating up his heart for

crimes which he can find no means to expiate.

Such was the view I took of Sir Francis Darrell at Madame Penevaux's entertainment; and before I knew his name. I was dancing when he advanced to the set I was in. On returning to my place, I again sought him with my eyes; — he was standing directly opposite to me with his fixed on me, and I of course withdrew mine. I observed that he remained some time; but I too well knew what was due to myself to let him perceive that I was studying his features. When the country-dances were over and the waltzing began, I joined Madame Penevaux, from whom I learned his name. Imagine, Angelica, how I was struck at it, and how much more, when mentioning him to my father, he told me that he expected to see him at our hotel the following day. He had not communicated it to me before, as there was a kind of mystery in the appointment, which had been made by himself, assuming at the time the character of another person. This I have

since found to have proceeded from delicacy, as he justly imagined that an abrupt introduction of the name would be a shock.

Having learned who he was, I naturally wished to complete my observation:—I saw him several times during the night; but though he must have known who I was, he never made the slightest advance; on the contrary, he seemed to shun me. I resolved to see him next day, and I told my father that I would join them before he went away. I have told you how he behaved; and were I a young lady who piqued myself upon my beauty, I think I have said enough to convince you that I must have been very much mortified. If he was not absolutely rude, he was what a damsel's self-love might call so: but the greatness of the act which brought him to our hotel, and which I believe brought him from England, soon effaced such petty considerations from my mind. He had planned a resignation of Grove Park to my father, in a manner not to hurt his feelings. The noble part which I had

fancied in his nature predominated, and I told my father what I thought. He was of my opinion, and I conceived myself mistaken in the other indications of his physiognomy.

We continued talking of him and of Grove Park for some time, and were still blowing up the flame of admiration, when comes a letter from my cousin Godfrey, to cool our enthusiasm — and prove me a Lavater. Yes, Angelica, I am right: — Sir Francis Darrell, with a few brilliant virtues, is all that his bent brow and self-inverted eye proclaim. My cousin says that there are horrid stories told of him, and that he is not received in scrupulous society. This letter has quite disconcerted our feelings respecting this young man and his intentions in regard to Grove Park. It is very desirable to recover a family-estate; but it is a different thing to lie under obligations to one whom we cannot respect. My father means to act on this occasion with caution — and, however provoking the disappointment after such unlooked-for hope, it is perhaps better altogether as

it is :—Grove Park is too near to Belmont Lodge. Whatever way the affair terminates you shall have an account of it.

I shall now bring my letter to a close; but I must first tell you of another extraordinary *rencontre*. As I was crossing the garden of the Tuilleries with Count de B., I was accosted by Mariana Gaza. I was really very glad to see her, and told her where we lodged.— She came to see me the next day and made many kind enquiries about your family, and the Olivastros. She has been settled in Paris with her husband about a year, and they carry on a commerce in lace and other articles of dress. I am going this very day to spend a few louis with her.

Adieu, my dearest sister; kiss my mother for me, and also my dear Marchesa, and ever love

Your

AUGUSTA.

P. S. We shall leave Paris very soon: I therefore hope that you have addressed your letters direct for England.

LETTER XVI.

Mr. Saville to Mrs. Godfrey.

With what feelings, my dearest Caroline, do I now anticipate the delight of taking you into my arms, and of encircling my beloved Augusta in yours!

At a distance,—without expectation,—without hope, the mind habituates itself to a pleasing contemplation and calm enjoyment of friendship, and of affections, which resemble the love we continue to feel for those already transferred to a better world, when our vivid emotions have been subdued by time. Limited beings as we are, we think of them as denied to our sight, as removed from our embrace, and we go about our daily business, seeking the enjoyments within reach. How different when we approach the objects of our affection, and united hope and anticipation become certainty. Thought kindles into a kind

of reality, and produces a restlessness till we are satisfied. It is what I feel at this moment, and I have taken up the pen to tell you that we shall quit Paris the day after to-morrow, and hardly stop to take rest till we find it at Woodlee.

George says right, Caroline; it is not likely that I shall know your features and person; but I well remember what they were when I used to take you upon my knee at eight years old and praise your intelligent countenance; and well do I remember how I loved you: — your features may be changed, but my heart is not: nor probably is my person so much as to be out of your recollection; — your's was the age for remembrance. — You have a little Caroline for me too, in whom, George tells me, I shall easily trace you; and I have an Augusta for you, in whom you will recollect her mother, with whom you were so fond to stay at Grove Park.

You give me another child in your's; I bring you a sister in mine. Oh! how you will love her! She is beautiful, Caroline; she is loveliness itself;

— but beauty is not always amiable, however prepossessing: — it is not for her beauty that I say you will love her; — but for the goodness of her heart, — for the winning softness of her manners, — for the affection she will bestow upon you.

Accomplished as she is beautiful, you will not wonder to hear that she has attracted lovers; but you will probably wonder when I tell you that she has never excited envy or jealousy among her female friends; — and most of those too are of a country extremely addicted to the latter passion. You will find this accounted for by the humility of her pretensions, by her repugnance to all display, by the delight she takes in seeing other girls admired, by the praises she bestows upon them; in short, by that secret and never-failing charm of making others pleased with themselves.

Her understanding is strong, but of that too she makes no display; — it is always seen in her conduct, but it is only detected in her conversation; for while it gratifies men of sense, none feel it other

than on a par with their own; — such a sweet unaffected deference does she appear to show for the opinion of others. She is very fond of music, and few sing or play better than she does; it may be said to be natural to her, as it is to most of the children in the country where she has lived from her infancy: but she is fond of it, as the Italians are, for its own sake, and not as an accomplishment. The same of painting; her portfolios will delight you; but it will be to please that she will take pleasure in opening them, not for the praise of an artist. A better regulated spirit does not exist.

I think I hear you say, this is a picture drawn by a doating father; — well! you will soon be able to judge for yourself, and in the meantime I know you will like to read these effusions even of such a father; and I shall continue to indulge myself on a theme so sweet to my heart, but which can only be allowed when writing to such near and dear relations. She is gone out with her maid to make some purchases preparatory to our departure, and I have nothing better to

do; — I *can* have nothing better to do, my dear Caroline.

Augusta was hardly old enough to be sensible of the loss of her mother, yet she has given many proofs of her remembrance of her; and from her infancy she has evinced a great faculty of discrimination as well as of memory. — She would fain persuade herself that she remembers you and George at Grove Park.

You already know how much she is indebted to the Marchesa de Pisani for her education. The Marchesa and her mother were affectionately attached to each other: — mutual esteem was never more justly bestowed; — a sister could not have wept more than did the survivor at the loss of her friend, from whom she received her child as her own. Both she and her husband are pious, but not bigoted, as the little grove at Signa, mentioned in my letter to George, has shown you; and with a sincere attachment to the general principles of the religion she professes, I am certain she considers some of the doctrines ostensibly retained as antiquated: — she talks,

for instance, of meeting her friend in a happier state.

The Marchesa is a most amiable woman, and possesses a delicacy of mind not surpassed by the purest of the British character. — To her virtues, her good sense, and extensive acquirements do I owe such a daughter as I have described Augusta. She approved and imbibed many of her dying friend's sentiments; she adopted her modes of instruction, and, contrary to the customs of her country, — I believe I may say contrary to the customs of all countries, — made the brilliant parts of education secondary to that of the heart. She completely succeeded in both with her truly loved charges, Augusta and her own Angelica.

These girls, extremely alike in mind and accomplishments, are not unlike in person. They resemble each other in all that habits influence, and something in points independent of those; the same smile, the same manner, the same disinterested preference of others, the same fond attention to their parents: their persons

too resemble, and in some degree their complexions; but Angelica's, with the whole turn of her countenance, indicates her country, as I think Augusta's does her's. They love each other, and it is a great pity to separate them. They have both been addressed by lovers, but neither seems inclined to marry. I am not surprised at this in Augusta, for though I have a great regard for many of my Italian acquaintances, I think that whenever she makes a choice it will be in England. She would not, however, listen to an elegant young Englishman, named Dartford, whom we met at Geneva, one whom, from the account given me by Pollen, my banker, I should not have thought unworthy of consideration, though he is rather romantic in his disposition, and certainly too hasty in his declaration: but as we were upon the wing, his haste is perhaps not much to be wondered at. Though pleased with the fellow for admiring my girl, I said nothing to influence her. I shall always leave her to her own good sense, which I am certain will be the best

guide in her choice, whenever it takes place.

While I am thus indulging myself in a full introduction of my Augusta to her already loved Caroline, she is not herself thoughtless of her cousin: — you were the subject of our conversation when she went out, and she is probably at this moment thinking of you, and purchasing some Paris gifts for your little Caroline; — she said she would: — but I expected her back before this. — She is probably indulging an old Italian acquaintance with a gossip on Florentine subjects, or she may be gone to Penevaux's. — I have not exhausted my topic, and I shall go on till she comes: — she cannot now be long.

Such a child is a never-failing theme to a father's thought, — a never-failing source of joy to his heart. Caroline, I cannot tell you how I love her; yet not more, believe me, than she deserves; — and to her own merits add a fund of happiness which I never expected to enjoy. — And when I think that, in spite of her father's misfortunes, she possesses

means sufficiently adequate to all the desires of so contented a mind to prevent the necessity of consulting the advantages of fortune in the disposal of her hand, I cannot be too grateful to Providence, who, if he afflicts in some things, blesses in others. I will not then regret the loss of affluence; but there is nothing wrong in wishing it for such a daughter; — and I must own to you, Caroline, that I had begun to build a fine castle in the air after my interview with young Darrell: — I even talked with Augusta as if I had already made her the mistress of Grove Park; — she was pleased to hear me, but without being elated; and when George's letter so soon shook my castle, she felt it so little, that, seeing how pleased I had been with the prospect for her, she entreated me to be cautious how I incurred obligations to such a character as Sir Francis Darrell. "We are happy as we are," she said, "why wish for splendour? or for any addition that may create the smallest change of our happiness?" No, my dear Caroline, I would not endanger our hap-

piness for the wealth of princes, nor purchase Grove Park with a single regret of my Augusta's. — Are we not happy? Are we not going to increase our happiness at Woodlee? What would I more?

It is near six o'clock, our dinner hour, and Augusta is not come in. — I am rather uneasy. — Madelena, her maid, is with her. —

The clock has struck:—I am extremely uneasy, — yet what accident could possibly have happened without my hearing it immediately, as she has our carriage, and a man to attend, whom she could send home?

Victore, our *valet de place*, is returned, and tells me the carriage is waiting for her at Penevaux's. — After leaving the lace-shop, she got out at the gate of the

Tuilleries, and Madelena directed them to go and take her up at Penevaux's. —— Here she is. —— I hear the carriage. —

* * * * * * * *

LETTER XVII.

Monsieur Penevaux to Mr. Saville.

DEAR SIR,

OBSERVING your carriage to be waiting in my court at so late an hour, I asked your coachman why he was there: — he said, for Miss Saville, who had ordered him to take her up at my house. I enquired, and find that she has not been here to-day, nor does Madame Penevaux expect her. There is evidently some mistake; — I hope there is no accident. — I will call early upon you to-morrow.

I am,

Your's faithfully,

PENEVAUX.

Thursday.

LETTER XVIII.

Sir Francis Darrell to the Hon. Lewis Vernon.

A SLEEPING beauty in the wood! — By Jove! a sleeping beauty in the wood! — But I must not spoil my story; — it is positively a romance, and a romance I must make it. So, Sir, "Scarcely had ruddy Phœbus displayed his brilliant golden locks from the chambers of the East, enlightening the vast hemisphere, adorned by the superb capital of France; the little songsters of the groves, variegated with a thousand glittering colours, were still preluding their melodious compliments to the vermilion-glowing Aurora, when already the noble, the invincible, the courteous knight, Sir Francis Darrell of Belmont, his heart swoln with his high destinies, disdaining shameful sloth and unmanly soft repose, had left his vainly-inviting couch to meet the

brilliant god of day, and scour the surrounding woods and valleys, putting to flight iniquitous marauders, and rescuing beauties in distress."——

This style I think might do very well; but there is romance enough in the thing itself without the stilts of La Mancha's knight; and I will descend, premising to your honour, that none of that extraordinary champion's extraordinary adventures can vie with that of your humble servant, which he is about to detail.

You see, my dear Vernon, that I have at least begun my letter gaily, be the conclusion of it what it may. You judge rightly of the progress of my mind; —gloom predominates, and every day I live brings some fresh proof of the horror of the system under which we exist. What a detestable creature is civilized man! The cannibal eats the body of his fellow-man; but that only when he looks upon him as an open enemy, or as one of a tribe with whom he has no communion; —but social man gnaws into the very soul of his neighbour, and without compunction condemns his acknowledged friend to a

life of torture for his own gratification.—I have begun my letter indeed in a gay strain, but the subject of that gaiety was meant for a tragedy, and is the immediate motive of these reflections.

We may be designated *laughing monsters*, if monster means something hugely incongruous:—we laugh in the midst of horrors; we laugh when we should weep; we laugh at every thing; we laugh at nothing;—no other brutes laugh; all others look pleased or displeased at Nature's dictate; but that huge brute, man, is endowed with a supernumerary faculty to insult the distress and mock the failings of his kind. He robs his companion at the gaming-table and laughs at him;—he seduces his wife and laughs at him;—he runs away with his daughter and laughs at him. If he fails in his attempts in these particulars, the tables are turned, and they laugh at him;—or they shoot one another. Glorious creature! So triumph! Dash away, ye lords of the globe, which nothing stops in her orbit!—Why let any thing stop you in your course? If a woman denies you, poison her—if a

man says you shall not, murder him.— Can any thing speak plainer the nature of man than criminal codes and officers of police? Well! submit we must to these superior agents; and so compelled to stay a day or two longer in Paris, you shall have my adventure from the spot.

Having completed the object of my journey, — tired of seeing Goselin twirl her airy limbs, and weary of the stale repetitions of *social* life, I left Paris the day before yesterday, just after receiving your letter, dated at Mount Vernon, which I did not intend to answer before I arrived at Brighton. I wished to loiter the rest of the day at St. Germain, the forest of which had more than once unexpectedly presented associations to my mind that occupied me more congenially and more agreeably,—for "horrors now are not displeasing to me," — than all that the gay round of the gayest city in the world could do.

I slept at St. Germain, and intending to reach Rouen early the next day, I ordered my carriage at daylight. I took

Aaron in, who, roused earlier than usual, soon re-closed his eyes and his senses upon a world as little worthy his observation as his master's. After a time I shut my own, but not to sleep; — to turn them inwardly upon the objects of memory, some of which are so very vivid at times, that I come to myself with a kind of involuntary admonition that "madness lies that way."

I was completely lost in a probing reverie, and had half argued myself into the belief of a devil at least, when I thought I was thrown all at once into his clutches, without ceremony: but feeling Aaron under me, and conceiving that he stood some chance of being in better quarters, I soon perceived that I had not fallen quite so low as Pandemonium, notwithstanding the repeated vociferation of *Diable! Diable!* — ejaculations, however, not unsuitable to the *infernal* event, which was nothing less then a complete *renversement* of the chariot. The postillion, caring as little for the world as Aaron, and having been as early roused, had, with equal indifference, but less

innocence, addressed himself to that happy oblivion which composes the tolerable half of life. I had trusted to him; — he trusted to equally faithful creatures; — perhaps they were sleepy too; — I am sure they no more meant to break my neck than the postillion did; but untaught to distinguish between a level and a mound, and ignorant of the chariot's centre of gravity, they lodged it on its side, rolling the master over the man. I scrambled out as well as I could, and would have cursed the fellow, if cursing would have done any good; but the poor creature looked sufficiently confounded, and our dilemma rather required that I should raise than depress his spirits. I made him assist in taking Aaron out, who had received a hurt on the arm, that gave him great pain. This appeared to me at the time to be the worst part of the accident, for the carriage was so little damaged, that had we been able to raise it, we might have proceeded immediately to Poissy, which was not above two miles off: but the Fates were at work, and had Hercules,

or Big Ben himself been there, we should not have set things to rights, till I had performed their behests: for the digestion of which I presume you have by this time gained a tolerable appetite, and I will no longer tantalize you.

After waiting a little with the hope of assistance from some chance travellers, I began to be impatient, and looking round, I perceived what I supposed a habitation, at no great distance, almost hid among trees. Any thing was better than kicking my heels in waiting, and I resolved to go up to it to ask for help. The postillion knew nothing of the place, but said there was a narrow road a little farther on which led into the back country. I went as much for amusement as for assistance, having ordered Aaron to make use of the first advantage he could obtain by passengers, to put the chariot on its wheels, and, after examining if they could be trusted, to bring it to the little road, and wait there for me.

I suppose I might have walked nearly a quarter of an hour, sometimes losing sight and sometimes catching a short glimpse of

the place I had seen, before I came close enough to distinguish that it was nothing but a thick wall, which evidently had once made a part of a substantial building. Going round it I saw that a poor shed had been built to it: — a door fronted me with a window near it. The key was on the outside, which made me suppose that somebody was within. I tapped — no answer was given. — I looked in at the window — the room was a sort of kitchen, with a fire, close to which was a vessel of some kind. This showed that somebody must be near, if not within. I went to the other side of the shed, which I found formed a regular poor man's cottage of two rooms: — there was a window on that side too, but I could not see through it, a piece of cloth being hung across it. After a moment's deliberation I determined to go in. I raised the latch, — the door was not locked — I looked round, and was not a little surprised to see, on a table, an elegant cup and saucer, a couple of silver spoons, a knife and silver fork, a handsome chrystal goblet, a china bason, and ewer full of fresh water, with plates and other things far above

a common style, as if prepared for the breakfast of a person of distinction: but I was no less surprised on observing, in the corner of the kitchen, two brace of pistols. My surprise at the latter *apparatus* was accompained with alarm — I suspected that I could not remain with safety in a place to which this combination of tea and warlike equipage was so unsuitable as to the shed under which I stood. I examined the vessel at the fire, and found it contained coffee. I was at a loss what to do. It was clear by the position of the things that I could not stay long without having company.

Being alone, I thought the best part I could take was to secure my retreat. — I turned my back on the coffee and the whole concern. — I made but two steps to the door, which had shut itself with its own weight. I had my hand on the latch, when I was startled by the sound of a deep-fetched sigh. I am not a nervous man, Vernon, and as for my life I care not for it; but I certainly had a most extraordinary sensation at that moment; — what name can I give it? It was

not fear — it was horror : — that sigh so like — but no matter : — I looked round, I felt assured that it proceeded from a woman : — I was impelled, I know not by what influence, it was no time for curiosity — no other passion excited — but I was impelled, and I raised the latch of the other chamber-door — that door was locked — no person spoke at the noise I made — I knocked unheeded — I asked who was within — no answer — what could I think? What was to be done? I was convinced that some person was in the chamber : it never entered my imagination that the sigh could have proceeded from a man — but if a woman, I may be equally wrong — some girl eloped with her lover — why should I interfere? "Farewell damsel," cried I, "much good may it do you!" — and I was again at the threshold of the hut, when a similar sigh nailed me to the spot. I had opened the door — my eye happened to rest upon the key — to the handle of it hung a second key — a second key! no doubt that of the inner-room — if so, whoever is within is there by con-

straint. Such, my dear Vernon, were the rapid imaginings of my bewildered brain; the new sigh and the sight of the keys determined me; and had Lucifer himself stood before me I would have entered.

I know I am writing with warmth — how can I do otherwise? I feel almost what I felt at the moment, nor were my feelings then more serious than they are now. I have done, Vernon, what to *you* I will say gives me more pleasure than I ever felt in all my life before: — I will further say to *you*, that for a few hours I was on such good terms with myself, that I believe I felt something passing in my mind amounting, if not to a hope, at least to a wish, that this paltry state was not all. Why do tears come now to my eyes as I write it? What have I said? Folly! I would blot it out, but that I care not if *you* see me as I am. Tell not your Godfreys that my brains are governed by my heart, and not my heart by them; though they would take the phrase in another sense — well, so be it.

I entered the inner room — "May I come in?" said I. A dead silence prevailed: sufficient light came through the thin cloth over the window to show me a handsome couch on which lay a female figure in a morning dress, motionless, but that I heard her breathe, and found that she was fast asleep. I was convinced that all was not right; — it was clear that there was no intended mystery; whatever was going forward was boldly done; but to me the appearances were sufficiently mysterious to justify some unusual interference. I endeavoured to wake the person by speaking to her — I begged her to answer me; — this not availing me, I made no ceremony of tearing away the curtain from the window. — Conceive my surprise, my dear Vernon, when I beheld the beautiful features of Saville's daughter, and that elegant form I once described to you stretched at full length on the couch in a state of stupefaction, for it was no natural sleep! You may, perhaps, imagine my surprise by your own at the moment of reading this, — but not my agitation. —

I have not to complain in general of the want of presence of mind, but so great was my astonishment, and so affected were my nerves at the sight of this lovely creature in the situation she lay, that my senses for a moment were off their poise — they were almost lost; for a minute they served me but to clasp my hands, and utter a useless ejaculation.

Recovering myself, I could not doubt that there was some villany a-foot: — this was no elopement; constraint was evident, and by the basest means. How shall I save her? was my first thought. There was no time to bring assistance, and she had no power to move; I determined to take her in my arms, and hasten with her to my carriage. The preparations in the cottage, however, and the key in the door convinced me, that such an attempt was scarcely practicable before the return of the persons concerned in the horrid business; the first thing I did therefore was to examine and secure the arms; the pistols were loaded and primed: — a dreadful pause ensued. — If I staid, though armed, I was likely

to be overpowered by numbers. I now tried to rouse the innocent victim of treachery. I did what for my life I would not have done had she been sensible; I shook her roughly by the arm; I opened her delicate fingers, and beat the rosy palms of her hands — in vain, in vain. Another deep-fetched sigh was all that my efforts produced. I would have given the world to see her open her eyes. To tell you my feelings, Vernon, I must be inspired with some new language capable of conveying intelligence of what was never felt before. To stay was probably to die: that were nothing, could it save her; it would be the same if overtaken with her in my arms, but there was a slight chance that I might be beyond pursuit; I resolved upon it. Putting the pistols into my pockets in the best manner I could, I returned to the couch. She sighed again as I raised and took her up. Rendered bold by so lovely a freight, whom would I not have fought? whom not conquered?

I had scarcely preceeded ten paces from the door, when a rustling noise on

the other side of the cottage made me turn to look; in a moment a woman came from behind, who seeing me, gave a scream and ran away as fast as she could. What was now to be done? Nothing was more certain than that I should be overtaken. There was but one thing left for me, and that was to give alarm in time if possible, and the only hope I had of doing this was by firing one or two of the pistols, on hearing which, Aaron would undoubtedly come in search of me with my own. I accordingly managed to draw out one of them, and, letting it off, I threw it among the bushes. The report had such an effect on Miss Saville that she opened her eyes, but instantly closed them again. This symptom of her coming to herself re-animated me, and lightened even the little weight I felt before.

I proceeded, but every step upon the alert, and not without cause. Still, whether owing to a dependence on the woman whom I had seen, or on a calculation of the time allowed for the evaporation of the fumes of the stupefying drug which

had been given to their prey, I had advanced nearly half of the way before the villains came up with me. The noise they made as they ran, gave me sufficient warning to summon up all the coolness the occasion required. I quickly placed the object of pursuit on the grass at the foot of a tree, and returned to face the pursuers. There were three men, two of them seemingly without arms, theirs, I imagined, being in my possession. These, as I advanced, skulked behind trees; the third, showing his weapons, came on boldly. When near enough to to take an aim, I called to him in French to stop; his answer was a shot, which I immediately returned, and had the satisfaction to see him fall; at the same instant I heard Aaron's voice halloing; it was also heard by the villains. Of the two who had skulked I saw no more: he that fell must have been but slightly wounded, for he was up in an instant, and proved himself swift of foot. I began to pursue in my turn, and fired again at the rascal, but he was out of my reach. Aaron, now in sight, called to me to

stop, for that he saw men among the trees.

Having gained so much, though eager to take the rogues, I was unwilling to lose my advantage by falling into an ambuscade; and Aaron had come alone, on hearing the report of the pistol I first fired when I saw the woman. I therefore hastened to complete the removal of my charge, whose deliverance I now flattered myself was effected. As I approached the spot where she lay, my emotion was a truly delightful one; — my mind was freed from its attention to the means of safety, and left my heart at liberty to enjoy the reflection of having rescued a fellow-creature, and more particularly a being so valued, so loved by a father, and relatives now waiting with impatience to embrace her. She lay precisely as I had placed her, and was still so much under the influence of the narcotic ingredient which she had evidently been made to swallow, that I again took her up in my arms motionless. I briefly made Aaron acquainted with the circumstances that had taken place, and con-

tinuing both on the alert, we arrived without further molestation at the entrance of the by-road, where my chariot, put to rights by the assistance of some passengers, was waiting for me.

Disembarrassed of my agitation, and cooling in my enthusiasm, I began to feel myself in an awkard position. — Saville's daughter in my arms; Saville's daughter entering a town in my carriage, sleeping upon my bosom, as would probably be the case, — it required a more immaculate character than mine to defy the *flabra* of the Vortex on the other side of the channel. What could I do? I was never more inclined in all my life to attend to the minutiæ of delicacy. — Put her into the chariot with Aaron and send her home? That would be profanation. Well!

> " Since Chance would have it so, why Chance did crown me
> Without my stir."

I took her into the carriage, and I laid her head upon my bosom. Were there such things as angels, Vernon, they might have probed it, and found it then pure as

their's are said to be. Some pangs it felt, indeed. — Oh! not for her — but let that pass. *She* caused no pang, nor needed she to blush so deep, on finding her cheek on that bosom.

Poissy was nearer than St. Germain, but the latter was in the road to Paris, where I presumed Saville still was. I ordered the postillion to turn and drive to St. Germain. Aaron rode on the box with my pistols loaded. I had the others, of which one remained charged: — but there was no occasion for apprehension:— the day was advanced, and there were more travellers on the road; besides I was sure that the villains would lose no time in providing for their own safety. Knowing the activity of the French police, their escape appeared to me improbable, and I was so much struck with the face and figure of the principal person that I was sure I could identify him. He was a middle-sized man, slim, yet remarkably broad across the shoulders; he had very dark brows, and whiskers bushy and wide; the whole turn of the countenance was ferocious: — I could not mistake him,

and I resolved to give information of him when I arrived at St. Germain.

Meanwhile I ordered my postillion to proceed gently. The indication in the wood of my companion's being about to come to herself, was repeated soon after the carriage was in motion; she sighed and opened her eyes, but did not recognize me; she shut them without being aware of her situation. After a few minutes she said, though without opening her eyes, "I am sick." I felt for her, but I was now afraid to speak lest my voice should shock her—yet I thought it necessary, and I begged her to be composed; she took no farther notice of this than to repeat, "I am sick." I again said, "Pray be composed." She continued quiet for about ten minutes. Her head had dropped a little back upon my arm:—her cheek still rested on my bosom. In this position she again opened her eyes; they were heavy, but fixed upon my face with such an inquiring look that no brilliancy could have exceeded it in intelligence; they spoke what her tongue soon uttered. "Good God! where am I?"

— "Going to Mr. Saville," said I. With that answer I perceived her recollection of me returned; her face, pale with sickness, the effect of the drug she had taken, became at once deeply crimsoned all over, and her very neck received a tinge of her blush. This I could have borne, but it was followed by a flood of tears which distressed me beyond measure.— Now sensible of her position, and yet too weak to disengage herself from it, I easily conceive what she must have suffered. She continued motionless, her eyes shut, but breathing freely; I now thought her sufficiently revived to understand me, and I accordingly addressed her, first saying that I believed that, though languid, she was in a state of recollection, which allowed of her attention. I then intreated her to be composed, and to listen to me with indulgence for a few minutes: a sudden shudder of her whole frame convinced me that a momentary suspicion of me arose in her mind; I as instantly forgave her — awaking as she did on my breast, it was but too natural a thought — but I

hastened to remove it, briefly recounting what had passed; and I concluded with assuring her that the postillion who had brought me from the inn at St. Germain, where I slept the night before, was now taking us to the same inn, where she would be in less than half an hour, with persons about her ready to render her every service, and that in a few hours after she might be in her father's arms. When I stopped speaking, she made an effort to raise her head, her eyes still shut; she put out her hand as if in search of mine; it did not search long, but I was little aware of the excess of her emotion;—she pressed it, carried it to her lips, and bathed it with a shower of tears. You must imagine, for I cannot express, my feelings; but if you are silly enough, Vernon, to mix with them any thing of your ideas of love, I shall hate you, or pity you.

She now recovered strength enough to endeavour to take her handkerchief out of her pocket.—Upon her moving I discovered that the part of her dress which had touched my coat was stained

red: — she too perceived it, and eagerly exclaimed, "I hope you are not hurt; — what is the meaning of this blood?" I begged her not to be alarmed, for that I could not account for it. I soon found however, that the cloth of my coat on the side next to her was drenched with blood, and some of the cloth torn away: — I clearly saw that it proceeded from a slight wound of which I had not been sensible, and that the dark colour of my coat had prevented my perceiving it sooner. The knowledge of it seemed to quicken her recovery: forgetting her own misfortune, she was all anxiety about this wound, and conjured me to hasten the boy that it might be immediately examined. I have not often felt the sweetness arising from being the real object of anxiety — yes, sweetness! and with the concurrent circumstances of that I allude to, it was inexpressibly sweet. — At her desire I ordered the boy to drive fast, and we were soon at St. Germain.

Before we arrived, Miss Saville was sufficiently recovered to converse freely,

but she could no way account for the event which had taken place, either in respect to the planner of it, or the means by which it had been effected. — She remembered no person resembling the man I described, and she had no recollection of taking any thing that could produce such a sleep.

On entering the town she renewed the expression of her anxiety that I would immediately consult a surgeon, which I promised to do, on condition that she would permit him to advise her also as to what she ought to do in order to counteract the poison which she must have taken. — On this she thought of her father, declaring that she could not delay a moment relieving him from the state of suffering he must be in. I said that refreshment was absolutely necessary for her, and suggesting the immediate dispatching of an express to Mr. Saville with an assurance of following speedily, she agreed to see the doctor. Having put her into the hands of the hostess of a good inn at St. Germain, I obeyed her repeated injunction of having the wound examined.

The rascal had like to have shot me; an inch or two more to the right would have gathered me to my fathers; — half a quarter of an inch more to the left and the bullet would not have hit me at all. The Fates had ordered the matter well for me: — the ball had merely grazed the flesh and broken two or three little blood-vessels on my side, which had given out just blood enough to moisten a small part of my clothes. — It appeared to have stopped of itself, and required little more than washing. — The doctor was lenient to his other patient: — he told her to expect to be languid for a day or two, and prescribed for her only coffee and exercise. During my short absence she had written a letter to Mr. Saville, which was immediately forwarded by an express, and the next thing to be settled was her conveyance to Paris: — my carriage and my servant were easily offered, but I did not find it so easy to offer the company of the master; and my conscious unworthiness, or, if you like, my worthy conscience was debating with itself delicate points, when this girl,

proving herself superior to all false delicacy, fixed my wavering sentimentality, by asking me in a direct manner to accompany her. I will give you her words: I can substitute no account to do them justice. After seeing the doctor, she had retired with the hostess to adjust her dress and take some coffee.—

I took that time to lodge an information at the *Bureau de Police*, where I saw the *Commissaire* himself. He was very polite, and saying that an immediate pursuit should be made, offered to accompany me himself to examine the spot.—He thought it necessary, and that I should lodge the pistols I had taken, at his office. I could not but acknowledge the propriety of this, but it seemed to interfere with the expedition of Miss Saville's return to Paris.—On reflection, however, I found that what the officer proposed might be done in an hour or little more. Informing her of this unexpected, or rather unthought-of delay, I civilly offered her my chariot, expressing a regret to be obliged to part with her without seeing her safely lodged at

her hotel in Paris, as her eagerness to be again with her father naturally superseded all other considerations.

"Far from it, Sir," said she; "perhaps it would have been so, were my mind not relieved respecting his feelings, by the express which, by this time or nearly, will have reached him, and removed his apprehensions. There is another consideration now of the greatest weight with me, and if my request does not too much interfere with any plans you may have, I ask it as an additional favour that you will yourself take me to my father."

It would be affectation in me to say that I did not penetrate her meaning, and it would be unworthy of the candour with which I speak my mind to you if I pretended to degrade the service I had rendered her and Mr. Saville. I had already perused a good deal of her mind, — enough to know that it could not be easy without expressing its gratitude; the tears that had bathed my hand, the voluntary pressure, and the kiss of it, which no other passion of the breast could have wrung from

her, were incontrovertible proofs. An excuse from me would have sent her to finish her journey painfully. Thanks I wanted not: I had already determined to fly them.—I did not conceive myself entitled, by what I had done, to force the company of an infected, avoided wretch upon the Savilles; and had I been mean enough to think so, I had no desire to do it;—but neither had I any right to keep this young lady's mind under a heavy load, to gratify my disdain of acknowledgments; I therefore resolved to have it all over at once, to take Saville his daughter, receive his thanks, shake hands with him, and set off immediately for England. In conformity to this resolution, I assured her that I should have great satisfaction in complying with her request;—I purposely avoided the fashionable jargon of "obeying her commands;"—I told her the time I had computed as necessary for the business I was going upon, and saying that I would order every thing to be ready to start as soon as I returned, I left her.

What I have to tell you of my expedition with the *Commissaire de Police* will not add much to my letter. Taking a sufficient force with us, we proceeded to the little road, and on to the cottage. We found but the vestiges of it, and those consisted chiefly of ashes: — it was burnt to the ground. We found the pistol which I had discharged at a few paces from the building: — nothing remained by which the villains could be traced: — the pistols were common old French-made pistols. The *Commissaire* proposed going on to Poissy, but, agreeing with me that the men were not likely to be found there, and that the apprehending of them would take time, he acknowledged the propriety of my returning to Miss Saville, took my address, and went on himself.

At St. Germain I found the carriage at the door, and, handing Miss Saville in, placed myself by her. Very different were my sensations during the remainder of my day's journey to those of the former part of it. Roused by circumstances, I had been playing a kind of

preternatural part; I had, in fact, as I told you in the beginning of my letter, been transformed, by the irresistible humour of the Fates, into a hero of Romance, and compelled to fulfil my high destinies: but the Romance was over: — I was no longer an Oroondates; —I was myself again, — the sophisticated Darrell, hating and hated by the world; a scorner of the male part of it; a contemner of females; a being slandered unjustly, yet not sufficiently condemned; heedless of calumny, shattered by the lightning of thought; now weary of life, now laughing at its tricks; as unfit for gallantry as for saying mass; a lauder of the grave, a haunter of theatres; amused with folly, but preferring sleep to thought, and death to sleep. — Such is the man who was now seated beside the most beautiful woman in Europe. As to her beauty, it would not have disturbed me; but it happened that she magnetized me with a feeling which I hardly remember to have had for any of her sex before, a feeling of respect. The motive which had swayed her to request

my company, the confidence she evinced in herself, that which she reposed in me, the complete absence of all the little arts which are practised by weak females to allure attention, and in no small degree the consideration of my having been the instrument of her preservation, all conspired to raise her for the time to the rank of a divinity in my estimation. I could have worshipped her in form, but I did not find it easy to talk familiarly to her. She spoke of her father with affectionate anxiety, of the pleasure she expected in meeting her relations, of Italy, of Switzerland, and of England, but without the slightest allusion to Grove Park. She did all she could to support a conversation; but, owing to the little part I took in it, it was evidently constrained, and, in spite of all the charms I have celebrated in this epistle, I was more than once sensible that I should have been more at my ease at my hotel. — The fact is, that my attention was at times broken by reflections upon her and upon myself which would obtrude themselves: — I compared my

mind to hers, and wondered at the difference. — It once crossed me, but only once, and the thought rested not a minute on my brain, that had I been like her, that had I been worthy — the imagining went no further: — it dropped into a secret silent ejaculation of pity. — Poor Flower! destined to be cropped by the hand of some barbarian, to deck for a while the bosom of some selfish brute, to fade, to die, to ——. What kind of a system is this, where virtue is proved by misery, and beauty is the destined food of worms? Oh! Vernon! the death of a beautiful woman is, of all horrors the ——. But what has this to do with Miss Saville? — My thoughts run strangely aside at times: — *She* is not dying, she is not likely to die. — I would say she ought to marry, if a man were to be found worthy of her. — I wish you were worthy of her, Vernon, but you are not, — don't think of her; I never will consent; — remember, though I should never see her again, I am now her champion for life — no Vortex for HER! Think you that she has

enflamed *me*, and that I am preparing springes for her? Depend upon it, *she* will never think in that way of me; and, what is equally true, never will *I* think in that way of her: — no, were there no other objection, I have that within me that can never be overcome; — I can have no resting place; and shall I seek it by contaminating the purest of bosoms? Never, never.

My reflections make me digress — I have little to add to the adventures of the day, yet did the conclusion prove even more alarming than the outset. It was still broad day-light when we drove into the court of the hotel, in which the Savilles have apartments. Miss Saville's maid and the other servants were ready to receive her: they expected her, but their countenances presaged woe. As I handed her from the chariot, she said, "you will come up with me." "Sir," said the servant in a whisper, "my master is dangerously ill — he is not expected to live." She had flown up the stairs, or I would have detained her — I endeavoured to overtake her — I should as soon

have out-stripped Atalanta. Before I reached the saloon, I lost sight of her, nor have I seen her since.

After remaining alone some time, I went in search of a servant, and found one in the anti-chamber. Learning that a physician was with Mr. Saville, I requested to see him for a minute. He came out to me, and I heard from him that the disappearance of his daughter had agitated Mr. Saville in such a manner as to produce a fever, attended with delirium, of which the issue was very uncertain. I asked for Miss Saville: — he said that she was at her father's bedside on her knees, and totally absorbed in her misfortune. I have known what it is to feel acutely: — my feeling at that moment was something like the — yes, like ——. My part was acted — I had no more to do — I was extremely shocked, but I had no more to do, and I drove to my old quarters, where I now am.

I sent Aaron three times last night to Mr. Saville's hotel, but so late as twelve o'clock his intelligence afforded no hope, and I spent a sleepless night, for what

between the daughter and the father I could not reduce the current of my blood to its periodical torpor. About eight this morning I again dispatched Aaron for intelligence, and he brought word that Mr. Saville was come to himself. At ten I went myself, and, asking for Miss Saville, I was informed that she was just gone to bed, having been up all night. — I then requested to see the physician who, I was told, had just gone in. From him I had the pleasure of hearing that the disorder had taken a favourable turn, that the delirium had ceased, that he had recognised his daughter, and that from the abatement of the fever there was no doubt of his doing well. It is astonishing what an effect this intelligence had upon me. My spirits had been extremely depressed by the termination of the events of yesterday, and it gave them a fillip, which acted upon me not unlike good Burgundy, when I was in the habit of wine-bibbing. It inspired me with a degree of gaiety which I returned with here, and began,

as the first pages of my letter testify, to vent upon you.

I have done nothing the whole of this day but write to you, which you may see from the volume I send. It is late, and I feel inclined to go to bed and sleep like Endymion; yet I will not close my letter without thanking you for yours from Herefordshire. I think I see Lady Bab leaping the five-barred gate, and givingTim Dawson the go-by cheer; then all the dogs among mother Paine's pigs. What a delight is that taken by sportsmen! But there is no disputing taste, though for my part I think I should prefer felling an ox with a hammer, to running a hare out of its life. Why not? Is not death the system of all nature? Bravo, Lady Bab! Bravo my Lord! Sport away; sporting is your vocation — sporting is only butchering.— I am glad your brother has so amiable a wife, but I think she might employ her time better than in reading registers of human butchery, which is infinitely the worst species of it. It was no fault of the Duke of Marlborough's, that so many

throats were cut at Blenheim, and elsewhere: no, I do not say that, but I say butchery runs in the blood of our gentle race in a triplicate ratio: the first and most innocent division appropriates the generic term, and is plain butchery for the gratification of the glutton; the second species is denominated game, the pleasure of which does not consist in the supply of food, but solely in the dexterity of frightening, killing, or catching poor little animals; the third species, the most unaccountable of the three, is called glory, and the pleasure of that consists in wading unappalled through rivers of human blood. I think if her ladyship cannot confine herself to novels and plays, as she ought to do, she had better take to sermons to keep up her fund of patience, a virtue so requisite for one in her situation.

I rejoice that your good genius sped you from Hampshire with Mr. Godfrey; if he had not, depend upon it your evil genius would have got you into a scrape. I am no *Preux;* I hardly know Mrs. Godfrey's person, and Godfrey more from

your account than personal knowledge — I own however that I have a new inducement to wish them well. The farce at Hants Cottage is exquisite. — I am no conjurer if Squire Rufus is not a sly sinner without your aid. — Did you ever know a professor of purity that was not a hypocrite? I should not be surprised to find Mrs. Martha's frown and petticoat-lending more owing to jealousy than to pudency. His epistle is delicious — keep him up I conjure you. But how you can possibly conceive that Mrs. Godfrey casts a thought away upon such a creature is to me astonishing. — The repeated refusals of admission in the absence of her husband, which you have seen under his own hand, have no doubt brought conviction of the injustice you did to her taste, if to nothing else — but depend upon it the case would have been the same with you: — you would not have been admitted — and probably not have understood the matter more than he; though your mistake would have been different, and would have led

to a different result. Once more let me say, — stop in time.

I have no objection to your going to Bramblebear-Hall, but I would have you be cautious there too.

Lady Bab I find is a blab — but, though she may be mistaken with respect to me, I am less scrupulous myself in thinking a little more freely of the one lady than of the other. I do not think I shall go to Bramblebear's on my return to England; but you shall know what becomes of me when I land at Brighton, which will probably be in the course of a week, if the police will take my pledge that I will return to Paris, if necessary for the conviction of the villains whom the officers are in pursuit of. Meanwhile you may hint to Lady Barbara that, if I find her meddling with my character, I will have a Callipyges statue of her made riding on horseback, for Rufus's paddock; and being nothing but stone, as Miss Kitty Palmer says, there will be no Coventry-law against peeping at her.

Adieu! I hope I shall have good ac-

counts in the morning of Mr. Saville, and that I shall get away from Paris either to-morrow or next day.

Ever truly yours,

F. Darrell.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Printed by A. and R. Spottiswoode,
Printers-Street, London.

